

Special First Anniversary Issue

T U C S O N • A R I Z O N A

CITY MAGAZINE

November 1987 Volume 2, Number 11 \$1.95

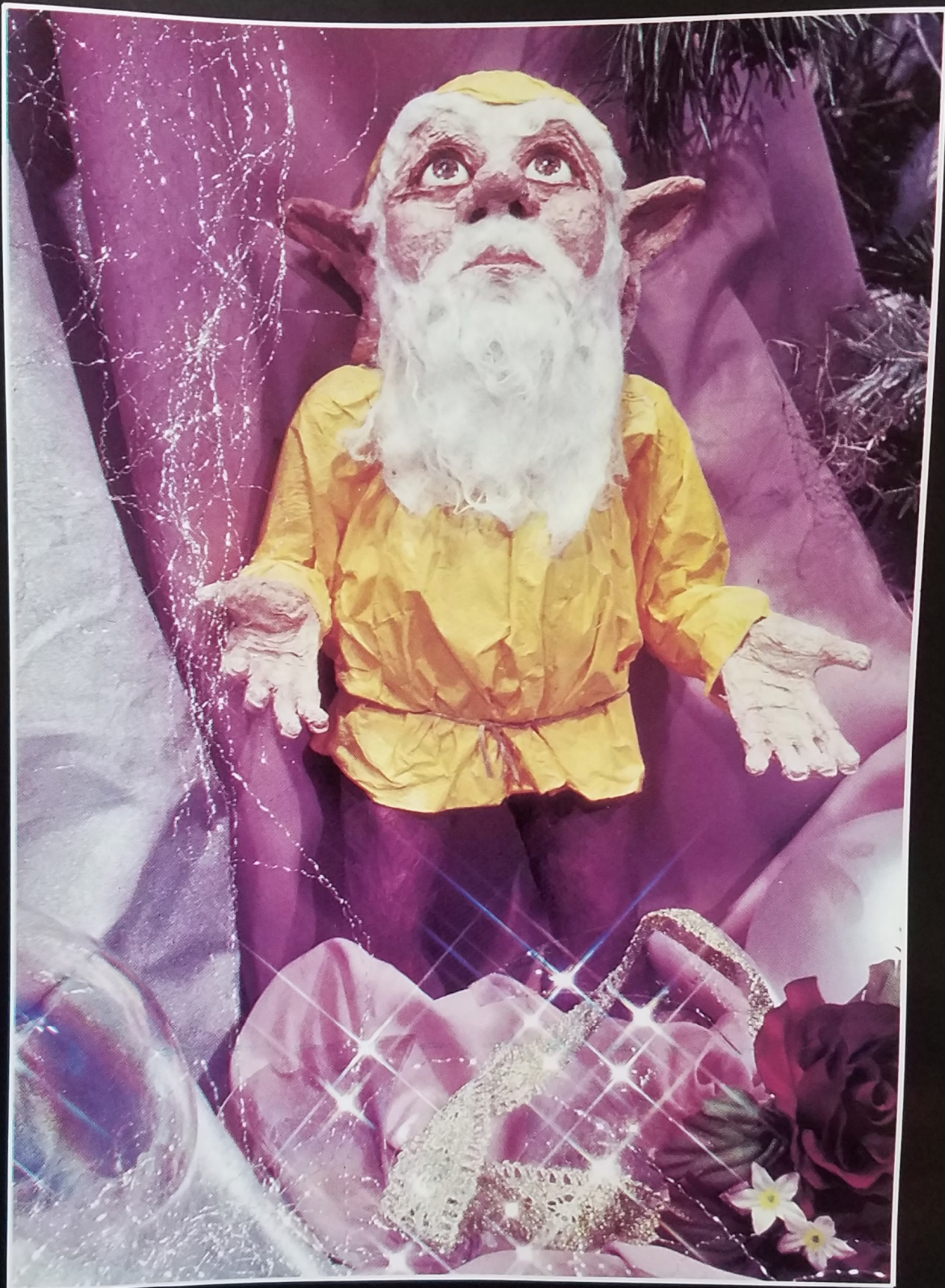
Our Town



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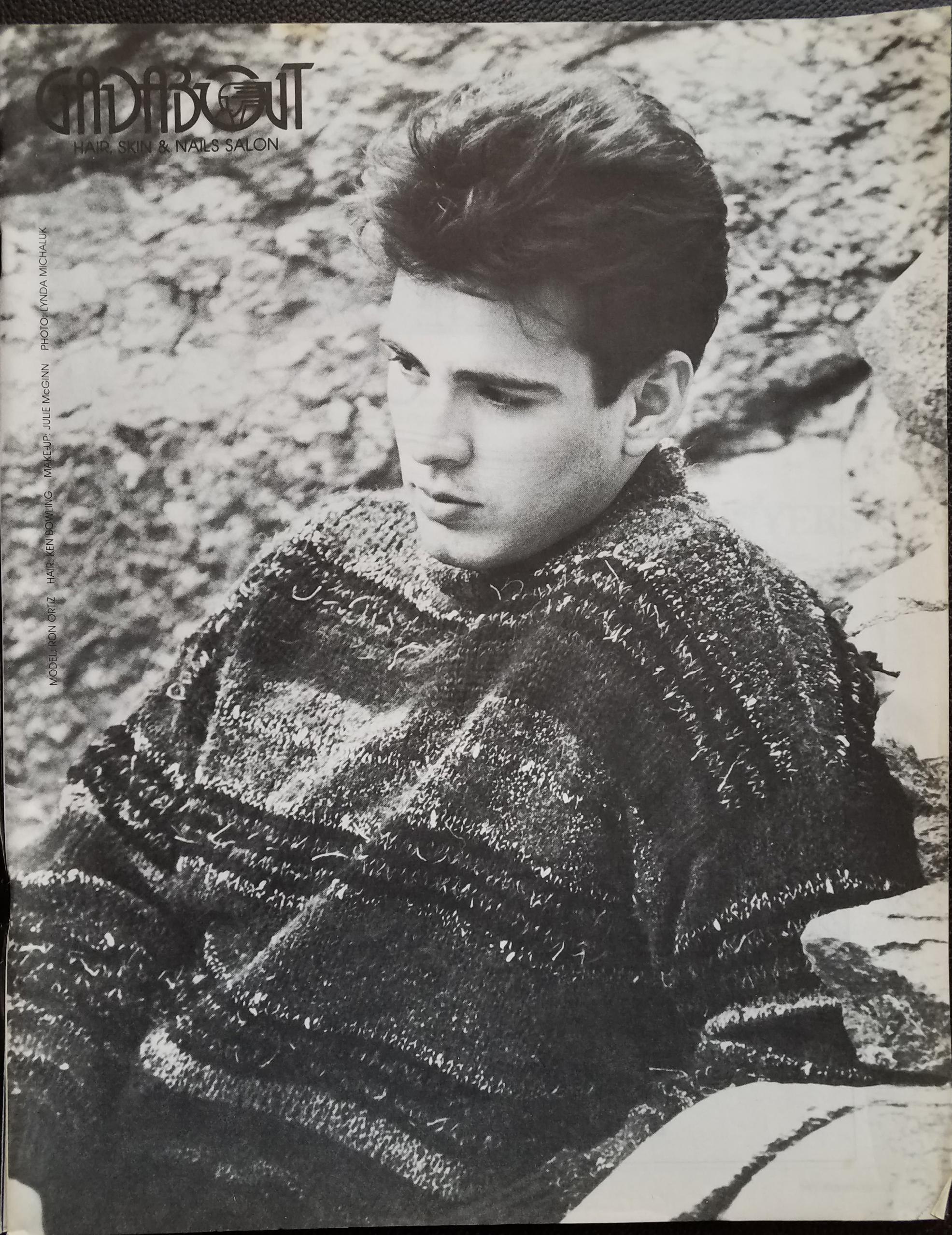
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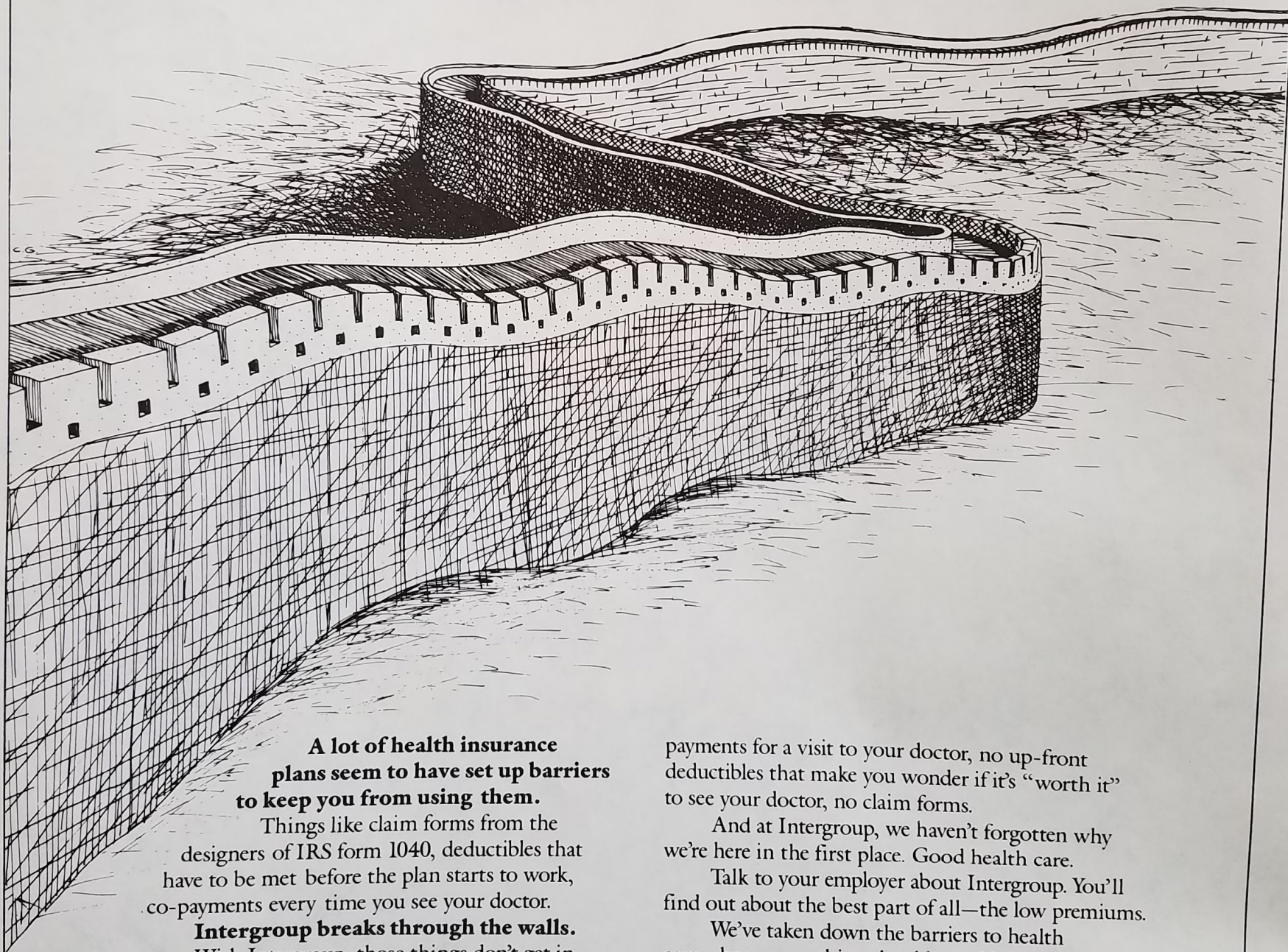
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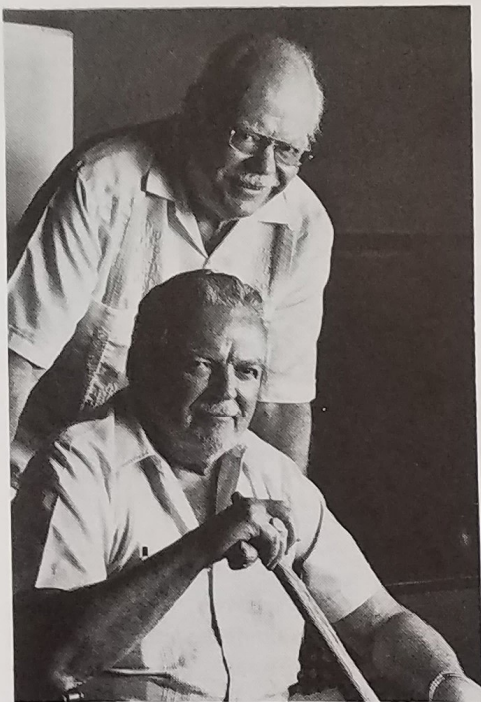
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A 51/5-86

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Cover: Photograph by Jack Dykinga.

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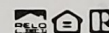
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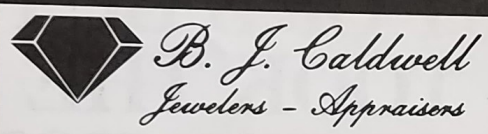




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HOWDY



Howdy,

A lot of people didn't expect us to last three issues—well, you're holding number twelve in your hands. I always figured we'd make it because I believed in this town. Why else would an iguana move here? The spark for *City Magazine* came at Glenton Sykes' funeral in August of 1985. Glenton died in his late eighties after decades of making Tucson a nicer place to be. When he wasn't working for the city as an engineer, he liked to wander about the countryside in the approved desert rat manner. His eulogy included this striking line: "He loved life and life loved him." I thought that should be everyone's goal. The crowd that attended crossed all the race and class lines in this community and convinced at least this iguana that there still was a real town persisting within the cement sprawl of the boom. This magazine sprang from the life of that town.

This is a special issue to mark our anniversary, and in it we'll try to paint a portrait of Tucson. I've hired Jack Dykinga, a Pulitzer Prize winner, to stumble around town with a camera. Like any such effort, the project's not perfect—the dolts I employ here have managed to assemble thirty-one pages of words and pictures without so much as a nod toward the thriving iguana community—but it is real. We're not giving you simply the most famous, or the richest, or a gallery of the local headline hounds. This is a sketch of the town's soul. Naturally, thirty-one pages is not a lot of space for such an ambition. But this is part of what makes Tucson a decent place for an iguana or a human to live. The soul of Phoenix could be sketched on the back of a check. And often is.

Iggy Lizardo

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LETTERS

Iggy Cum Laude

Dear Mr. Bowden,

I wish to congratulate you and Mr. Richard Vonier, and all of your other principal staff people, for the very fine publication that *City Magazine* is turning out to be. As you said of Robert Hughes' writing, CM is "readable yet intelligent."

You have my compliments also on your own style of writing; I am particularly pleased over your attention to environmental questions.

I wish you, and *City Magazine*, continued success.

Henry Koffler
President, University of Arizona

CIA Story: Less Credible Than the Supermarket Tabs

Do you guys have any journalistic standards at all or are you just trying to fill the small gaps left between all those glamorous B&W ads? "Spooks At The Edge of Town" (September) wouldn't make a bad *National Enquirer* article. At least your competitors in the supermarket checkout lanes get the few facts they use correct enough to make the rest of the garbage they print remotely plausible. Whatever I thought about the "goings on" at Marana before reading Fulton's article, all I'm sure of now is that he had an ax to grind after being fired with only eight months on the job. As for the rest, the *Enquirer's* "Bigfoot Baby Born To Headless Mom" stories are more convincing.

Fact One: George Doole was never "number two man at the CIA" as Fulton says. Check any of several good books on the CIA and you won't find Doole listed among past deputy directors (number two men) of Central Intelligence. To find out who Doole actually was, and to see a better article about possible CIA activity at Marana, check out the April 7, 1986 *Time*.

Fact Two: There is no recorded instance of the Air National Guard or the Air Force pulling a retired two-star *Army* general out of retirement to negotiate basing for aircraft. Next you'll tell us the Army has Air Force generals basing for its tanks. This one was so stupid that at first I thought it must be a typo.

The rest of the article was just a poorly written mishmash of hearsay and innuendo. If you guys are that desperate for copy, why not drop the articles altogether and become a pictorial *Dandy Dime*?

This was the first and last time I'll pick up *City Magazine*.

David R. Johnson

Writer C. Roger Fulton, Jr., replies: "I saw. I heard. I was there."

Tucson, Straight Up

We think *City Magazine* has the most straightforward articles ever published on Tucson in the thirty-plus years we have lived here. It sure is nice to read the "unvarnished" truth once in awhile.

Faithful readers,
Marvin and Margaret Lossing

Sorry, But We Have Planned Growth

I enjoy reading your magazine. It keeps me informed about the city, since I'm arthritic. Hope *City Magazine* grows like Tucson.

Mrs. Pauline E. Mayer

Hold The 'Poetry' and the Junk

Sure, I'm special. That's why I am writing you my opinion on the "poetry" on pp. 32 and 33 of the August issue. It stinks!

Now, after having been so crass as to say that, I must congratulate the staff on the rest of the magazine since it started—I've enjoyed it.

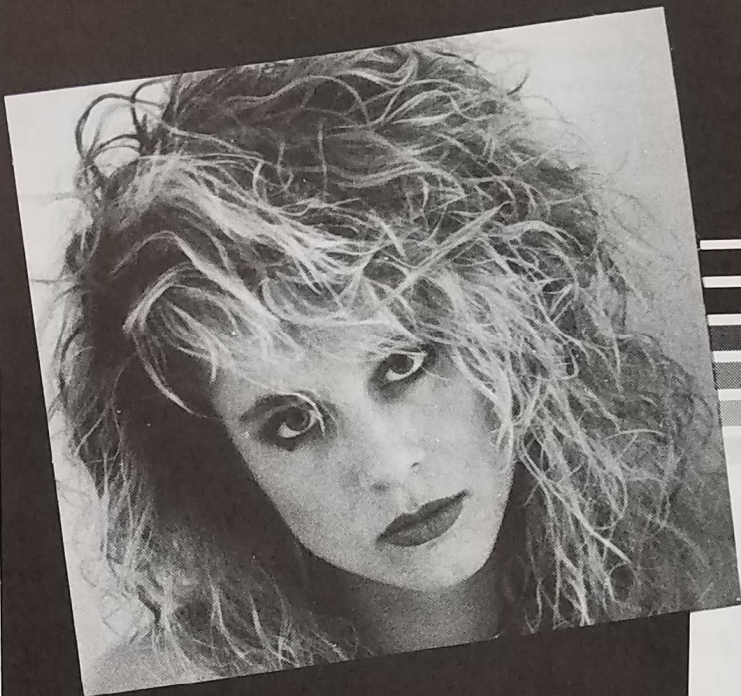
But, please, give more editorial thought to what words are printed in *City Magazine*. There's enough junk out there. Don't add to it!

Wanda Mayer

The Newspapers: Getting What They Pay For?

Matt Laughlin's interesting piece in the August issue about local newspapers was certainly informative. I've experienced JOA (joint operating agree-

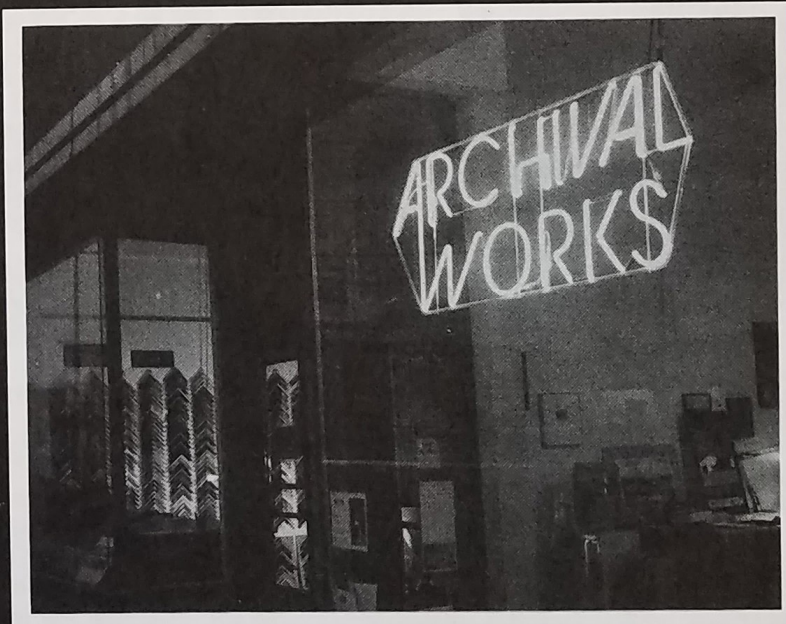
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LETTERS

ment) struggles and coziness in other cities. That the *Star* and *Citizen* both end up so profitable makes them different. But what they have in common with most other papers throughout the country is how they treat their staff and freelancers financially. Poorly—no pun intended.

Both locals are using more syndicated material. A freelance color feature in the big-time *Star* usually pays \$65. Editorial pieces \$25. Not good for the writing community, and therefore not good for the public.

Martha B. Hopkins

Love the Lizard, Hate the Phone Books

Dear Iggy,

After reading your gripe about the phone books, I realized that we were *perfect* for one another. My store manager would much rather try to find a telephone number for me than to hear me rant and rave about how much I HATE the phone books. In the past I have always thrown out the smaller book, but as you say, we now have some sort of crossover of telephone numbers. As far as the covers are concerned, I also think that something more creative would be nice. Perhaps we could add a little class to the lizard by dressing it with a nice diamond necklace.

B.J. Caldwell

El Nacho Wasn't 'Our' Creation

I just picked up a copy of your magazine in the library by accident. GREAT editorial (September) on the stupid new phone books.

Interesting story, too, about El Nacho, but what the hell do you mean that he's "our" creation? That's a pretty cheap shot. Why not say he's a creation of us, the cocaine and pot users of America? Makes as much sense as saying Ev Mecham is our creation, or the "fault" of the Sonorans. Tighten up.

(Unsigned)

Dove Among the Ruins

There were ruins at the site. A demolition team had flattened the north end of the building and had done fatal damage to the remainder, but one wall with a

painting of a dove remained: the last remaining relic of pre-industrial Tucson. The old De Grazia studio, with its odd shops and excellent restaurant, had crumbled into the pavement, and proudly standing at the corner of the ruins was a sign: "Financed by the American National Bank."

Before we left for the summer, the restaurant owner had warned us that they would be moving because the studio was coming down. We knew the plans were already being drawn up, and we had heard the interview with the young, moustached businessman across the street who told us that the place "had served its purpose and had now become an eyesore." Yet tonight we drove on up to Prince and Campbell for some chimis and a milanesa, not considering the possibility that the place was gone.

I drove in among the ruins through a gap in the construction barricades and we watched, mesmerized. Walls were collapsed upon one another; hand-baked adobe was turned up into the night sky like sod being plowed into the ground; chopped roots and stems of prickly pear were scattered at the scene. It would have been like a burial, except for the image of the dove and an agave plant painted upon that remaining wall. I thought of the phoenix rising from its ashes as I backed out onto Prince.

Erik Asphaug

Update: Children's Memorial Park

The opening of the Children's Memorial Park announced in our September issue has been delayed. It is now scheduled for November 14th (Saturday) at 10 a.m. The rain date is Nov. 15 at 1 p.m. The park is located on the north bank of the Rillito between Oracle Road and Flowing Wells.

We like to hear from you, but please keep it short. We reserve the right to edit letters, which must be signed. Also include a return address and phone number (which we won't publish). Send your letters to: City Magazine, 1050 E. River road, Suite 200, Tucson, Arizona 85718.

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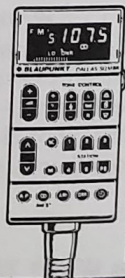
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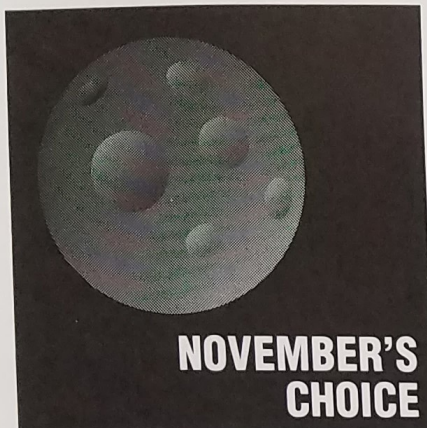


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TUCSON'S GUIDE TO WHAT'S HAPPENING



NOVEMBER'S CHOICE

Cycles on Ice

Nov. 20, 21

Roll over, Ice Capades. The greatest spectacles on the glaze are now sponsored by the International Championship Events (ICE). The world's top indoor ice speedway racers go for the national championship here on 500cc motorcycles that rocket around on steel-studded tires, accelerating from 0 to 60 in less than 3 seconds. They use nitro, but no brakes. Are these guys crazy? Who knows, this might replace wrestling. All proceeds to benefit the Tucson Rose Cancer Foundation's Last Wish Fund. In the TCC arena at 8 p.m. Tickets—Friday \$8 adults; \$5 children. Sat. \$10 adult; \$6 children. Additional info, 299-0206.

Insect Funk

Nov. 7

It's the Sonoran Arthropod Studies' 2nd annual rummage and bake sale. This is a non-profit club dedicated to the study of bugs, and they promise plenty of bizarre bazaar items—a '60s VW bug that runs, funky clothes, furniture (from tacky to nice), sporting goods, jewelry—and everything's at giveaway prices. If you can't find anything in the clogged maze of used stuff, gorge yourself on homemade pies, cookies and cakes. For entomophiles, the Many Legs Trading Post features insect t-shirts, books, collecting equipment and an exhibit featuring live arthropods (tarantulas, centipedes, grasshoppers) in the main building. Truly Nolen not welcome. From 9 a.m.-4 p.m. in the former Brooklyn's nightclub building at 2437 N. Stone Ave. Rummage sale is free, exhibit is \$1 donation. Rain date Nov. 8. Info, 884-7274.

The Maxicare El Tour de Tucson

Nov. 21

This 106-mile race (or you can go 25, 50, 75 miles) is *the* biking event in Tucson, and it's becoming one of the top cycling events in the country. It's the longest perimeter event in the U.S., and if Tucson keeps growing, it'll just become more and more grueling. Anyone can ride in the 5th annual El Tour, but the field is limited to 3,000 (up from 1,000 last year) so call now for registration. All proceeds benefit

the American Diabetes Association. Starts 7 a.m. at the Sheraton El Conquistador. Bring your own Gatorade. Registration fee, \$50. Info, 745-2033.

Gimme Some Air

Nov. 19

Give up the evil weed and treat your lungs to a rest—c'mon, anybody can go 24 hours. The 11th annual Smokeout is sponsored by the American Cancer Society, a fine organization that we'd like to see go out of business some day. Back a quitter for only two bucks. Last year 17.3 million people gave up smoking on Smokeout day, including over 40,000 Tucsonans. Info, 790-2600.

Bibliothoughts

Nov. 13,14,15

Three excruciatingly exciting days for bibliomaniacs, bibliophiles and casual bibliobrowsers. Book dealers from all over Arizona, Nevada, California, Montana, and Colorado will converge for the 3rd annual Arizona Book Fair at the Days Inn (formerly Santa Rita Hotel) downtown. On display will be books ranging in price from a mere \$5 to thousands. A no-host cocktail party starts the event at 6 p.m. on Friday, and the grand opening commences at 7 p.m. On Saturday, bring in your books for a free appraisal (who knows what's collecting dust on your shelves), and on Sunday show up from 11 a.m.-4 p.m. to greet UA Press' famous authors

and get an autograph. Sponsored by the Guild of Arizona Antiquarian Booksellers, Inc. Adm. \$5 for the whole fair. Info, Truepenny Books, 881-4822.

Guess Who's Coming to Abuse You?

Nov. 4

It's still quite tentative but...Eddie Murphy, the man who doesn't know the meaning of the word sacred, is expected to give Tucson the treatment at the TCC Arena at 8 p.m. Don't yell at us if he doesn't show up. Call first. Info, 791-4101.

Golden Dragon Acrobats

Nov. 27,28,29

East orients itself in the old West in Old Tucson's Thanksgiving Extravaganza when the Chinese Golden Dragon Acrobats perform. These experts could dodge any gunfight and end up on their feet—gracefully. Regularly scheduled activities like gunfights and stunt show also will be performed. Tickets: adults \$7.95, 4-11 years \$4.50, under 4, free. Call 883-6457 for acrobat show times.

UA Homecoming

Nov. 6-8

Your opportunity to visit the campus and go back to classes at the UA without facing exams. Seminars, tours of museums and the Cancer Center will keep you in intellectual shape, but

the big event is the homecoming parade at 2 p.m. on Friday. Floats, bands, pep groups, and antique cars carrying the homecoming royalty and members of past football teams. The theme is "Pride of the West," replete with country/western music and country swing lessons, gunfight demonstrations and more. The Wildcats take on the University of Washington in the big game. Info, 621-3557.

Writers of the Purple Sage

Nov. 19-21

Join the literati of the Southwest for three days of seminars at Westward Look featuring Leo Marx, Ann Zwinger, Lawrence Clark Powell, Rudolfo Anaya, Margarita Cota-Cardenas, Chuck Forsman (the best damn landscape artist with refrigerators in the SW) Gary Cartwright (senior editor, Texas Monthly), Alan Weisman ("La Frontera," considered one of the definitive pieces on the border), Tom Miller, N. Scott Momaday, Edward Abbey, Eva Wilbur-Cruce, Frank Waters and more. City Magazine Editor Charles Bowden will prattle on a panel discussion on "Open Spaces, Parking Places: What Do We Really Want?" And CM Publisher Richard Vonier (he needed a job) will join a panel on "Beat: The Sunbelt" with other regional journalists. It's a great three days for writers, readers and everyone who cares about the Southwest. Fee is \$20; registration fills up quickly. Meal events extra. Registration fliers available at all Tucson Public Libraries. Further info, Judy Lensink at 791-4391.



World-class ice racer Kenny Pieper from Denver, Colorado, will make a rare appearance in Tucson.

Photo by Gary Denstord



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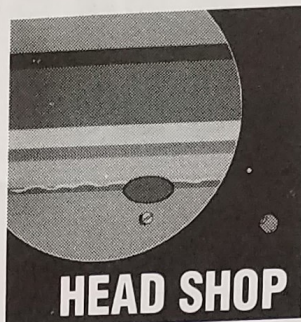
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This exhibit is organized by the American Carousel Museum
which is sponsored by the Freels Foundation.

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WHERE TO HOWL



Faculty Lecture Series Nov. 3

Raymond H. Thompson, director of the Arizona State Museum, will lecture on "Prehistoric Farmers at Point of Pines, Arizona," focusing on water and soil conservation techniques thousands of years old. In the UA Health Sciences Main Auditorium, Room 2600, at 7:30 p.m. Free. 621-1551.

Astronomy Lectures

Nov. 3, 10

Flandrau Planetarium continues to probe the universe in lectures: Nov. 3, Craig B. Foltz, Multiple Mirror Telescope magician, lectures on "Quasar Absorption Lines: The Fossil Record of the Universe"; Nov. 10, Raymond Shubinski of Flandrau Planetarium tells about "Exploring the Autumn Sky." In the Star Theater of Flandrau Planetarium at 7:30 p.m. Tickets \$1. Info, 621-STAR.

Culinary Herbs

Nov. 3, 10, 17

Horticulturalist Cecily Gill offers three sessions of instruction for the back-yard herb gardener. Pre-registration required. Fee: \$20, members \$15 at the Tucson Botanical Gardens from 7-9 p.m. 2150 N. Alvernon Way. Info, 326-9255.

Gardening Demonstrations Nov. 4, 18, 25

Nov. 4 is entitled "A Hydroponic Dodge for Cold Weather" (in other words, generating a warm microclimate in a temporary greenhouse); Nov. 18 they're promising you a rose garden and how to prune it; Nov. 25 learn all about sweet potatoes for the holidays. It's happening at the Pima County Co-op Extension Service, 9 a.m. Wednesdays at 4040 N. Campbell. Also at Nanini Library at 2 p.m. on Thursdays, Wilmot Library at 11:30 a.m. on Wednesdays; and Green Valley's Holy Family Center at 9:30 a.m. on Tuesdays. Info, 628-5628.

Words, Rhythm, Imagery Nov. 4, 18

On Nov. 4, the UA Poetry Center hosts visiting writer

Ann Zwinger; on the 18th hear students reading their own works. UA Modern Languages Auditorium at 8 p.m. Free. Info, 621-7941.

Let's Relax

Nov. 5, 12, 19

The Life Enrichment Series continues with the accent on diversity. Nov. 5, Nanette Gerstenberger, financial consultant, teaches the finer points of money management; Nov. 12, Cathy Molla, RN, discusses strategies to quit smoking—if you've already tried and failed, she'll offer alternatives; Nov. 19, Luan Wagner, human development specialist, gives tips to parents on managing work and personal time. Sponsored by Tucson Medical Center at the Sheraton El Conquistador, 7:30 p.m. Free. Info, 327-5461, ext. 5072.

Audubon Family Adventures Nov. 14

The Tucson Audubon Society is hosting a family adventure entitled "Making Mountains Out of Molehills," and it doesn't have to do with personal problems. Limited to 18 participants (first come, first served), with a \$5 registration fee per person. They'll take you to a desert site (northwest Tucson) for a lesson on desert geology—while making sure you have fun. From 8:15 a.m.-noon. Instructor: Robert Scarborough, consulting geologist. Info, 629-0851 or 629-0510.

Antique Show

Nov. 6-8

This show in the TCC Arena runs the gamut from old bottles, collectible furniture, antique dolls and some things you didn't even know were antiques. Dealers from all over the Southwest. Adm. charge. Call for exact times. Info, 791-4101.

Women's Roundtable Nov. 10

This Tucson Medical Center program continues with a serious theme. Koreen Johanness, MSW, ACSW, discusses various eating disorders, including anorexia and bulimia, and the behavioral strategies used in treatment. \$5 for Roundtable members, \$10 non-members. Reservations required. Radisson Suite Hotel, 7 p.m.-9 p.m. Call 29-WOMAN.

The Politics of Drugs Nov. 12

The Desert Institute of the Healing Arts continues its open forum lectures. Richard

Kestler, Ph.D. (Pima College Sociology Dept.) discusses the political, social and economic effects of drug abuse. Free at 7 p.m., 639 N. 6th Ave. Info, 882-0899.

Tucson Issue Forum Nov. 21

A public meeting to discuss the prime survival issue of our time: "The Super Powers: Nuclear Weapons and National Security." Phineau Anderson, former president of the Arizona Center to Refuse the Arms Race; Peter Carruthers, UA professor and physics department head; Senator John McCain; a former member of the CIA; and others form the panel. At 9 a.m. in the Doubletree Hotel. Free. Info, 722-2977.

Half the Population Nov. 28

The Desert Institute of the Healing Arts presents a workshop on women's health, emphasizing a naturopathic approach. Covers diet, PMS, fibrocystic breast disease, menstruation, osteoporosis and menopause. Conducted by Dr. Lyn Patrick, N.D. from 10 a.m.-4 p.m. at 639 N. 6th Ave. \$40 registration fee. Info, 882-0899.



Telescopic Travels Nov. 1-15

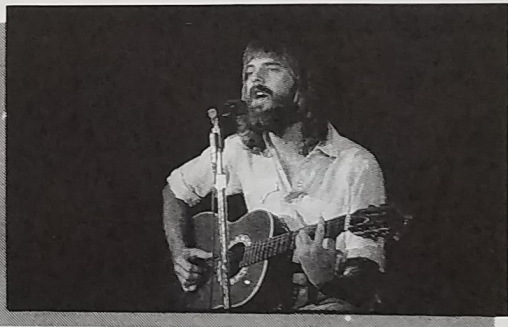
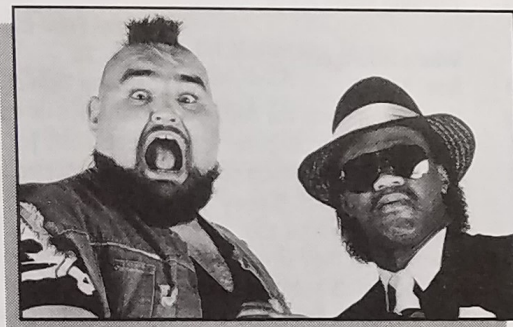
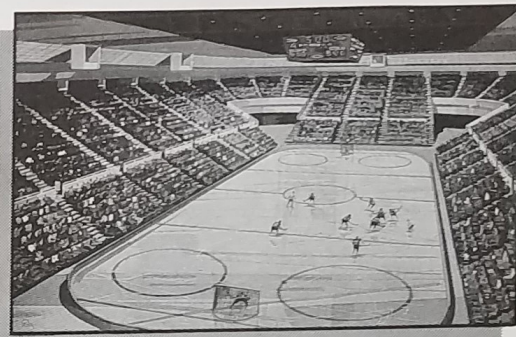
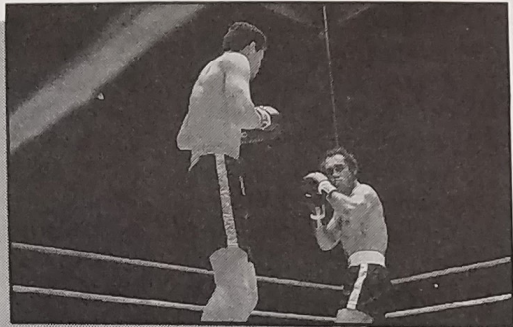
Everything you want to know about the only space telescope in the solar system, so far as we know. When launched—maybe later this year—it will orbit 368 miles above the earth for 15 years (no vacations). The primary mirror is eight feet in diameter. The scope will be on display in the Flandrau Planetarium Wed.-Sat. at 7:30 p.m. and Sat. and Sun. at 1:30, 2:30 and 3:30 p.m. \$3.50 gen. adm.; \$2.75 senior citizens. UA faculty, staff and students. 621-STAR.

Noon Concerts

Nov. 4, 18

Brown-bag it to El Presidio Park downtown and enjoy a free alfresco concert to break up the workday. At presstime, no notice of who'll be jamming, but it won't be heavy metal. Co-sponsored by the Tucson Parks and Recreation

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EVENTS

Nov. 3

World Wrestling Federation Live

Nov. 5 & 6

Tucson Symphony Orchestra with Yefim Bronfman, piano

Nov. 12 - 15

SALOC Presents "The Sound of Music"

Nov. 13 - 15

The Craft Festival

Nov. 14 - Dec. 5

ATC Presents "Great Expectations"

Nov. 18

Def Leppard Concert

Nov. 20 & 21

Motorcycle Racing on Ice

Nov. 26 - 29

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Nov. 27 & 29

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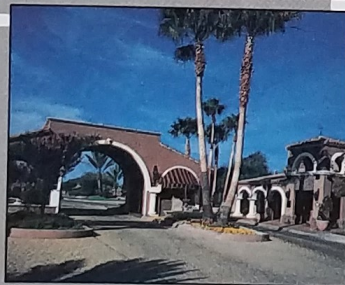
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Department and the Music Performance Fund. Free. Info, 791-4079.

Little Sicily Nov. 4

Enjoy an Italian feast that benefits both HERO (Amphi's Home Economics and Related Opportunities club) and YMCA youth from 4:30-7 p.m. at the Amphi High School Cafeteria. \$3 donation. Info, 888-7716.

Pet, Don't Braid Nov. 5

It's the 1st annual show of the Southern Afghan Hound Association, and they're showing off 300 of these purebred animals—in a rainbow of colors from black & tan, domino, cream, brindles (stripes in dog lingo) to black-masked red and others. Few humans ever have hair as glossy as these coats. They'll be judged on appearance and movement. No non-neutered dogs allowed on the grounds. 7 a.m.-7 p.m. at the Americana de Tucson Hotel, 1601 N. Oracle Rd. Free. Info, 744-2668.

Mass Merchandise Nov. 6

Rub elbows with ad men and women. It's Media/Merchandise Auction '87, sponsored by the Tucson Ad Club and American Women in Radio and Television. Starting at 5:30 p.m., guzzle drinks and gobble hors d'oeuvres, and take part in the silent auction for values up to \$150. At 7 p.m. big-ticket items such as Jim Click's condo at Pine Top for a weekend; \$1,000 worth of airtime on KWFM, etc., get auctioned off by celebrities. Pick up gangas in print, TV and radio advertising, art, services and even toy bears. Everything goes at this event. And, hey, it's for a good cause, namely the scholarship fund and Soaring Spirits (benefits sick kids at UMC) program. At the Doubletree Ballroom. \$5 admission. Info, 628-9876.

Old Pueblo Lapidary Club Nov. 6, 7, 8

Over 60 exhibits are featured with demonstrations in gold- and silver-smithing, faceting, cabbing, cloisonne and chain-making. Jewelry, rocks, gems and tools for sale too. Bored? Maybe you'll find your next avocation here. At TCC. Call for exact times. Donation \$2.50, children under 12, free. Info, 743-9871.

Arts and Crafts Registration Nov. 7

If you're interested in selling

your homespun goodies at the Nov. 28 and 29 Ft. Lowell Arts and Crafts Fair, register today at Ft. Lowell Park between 8 a.m. and noon. Info, 791-5289.

The VA Hospital's Annual Race Nov. 8

A 10-kilometer race and 2-mile fun run around Reid Park offers merchandise awards to male and female winners. Age group awards also. Wheelchair division. Proceeds to benefit the Ronald McDonald House and Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis Assoc. Registration at most athletic stores before Nov. 1 for \$8; on race day beginning at 6:30 a.m. for \$9. Info, 792-1450, ext. 6535. Running starts 8 a.m.

Who's Stronger?

Nov. 14, 15

Old Tucson hosts the 48th annual UA intercollegiate rodeo—the oldest such competition in the U.S. Sinewy and tough cowboys and cowgirls test their strength and endurance against tons of horse flesh. Rodeo starts at 1 p.m. both days. Info, 883-0100.

Back in the Saddle Nov. 15

Learn to love oxygen on this 50k Old Nogales Team Time Trial along the Old Nogales Highway. A bunch of cycle enthusiasts created the Pima Velo Club with the idea that anyone who owns a bike can ride in this low-key competition. Meet at 8 a.m. but call 884-5564 (eves.) for location.

Wearable Art Nov. 16

Power-lunch while watching ultra-tall and spaghetti-thin models in this Goldwater's fashion show to benefit the Arizona Opera Company, Ballet Arts Foundation and the Tucson Symphony. The visuals start at 11 a.m. at Westin La Paloma. \$50. Info, 293-4336.

Broadway in the Desert Nov. 16

This is the day to begin scrambling for tickets to these UA Artist Series events: "La Cage Aux Folles" (performances Jan. 22, 23) costs \$32, \$28, or \$22. Tickets for The Acting Company's "Kabuki Macbeth" (Feb. 7, 8) range from \$9 to \$15. Centennial Hall box office, Mon.-Fri. 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Info, 621-3341.

Autumn Skies Nov. 17-25

A sky show featuring the

magnificence of the autumn stars, constellations and objects flying around out there. Showtimes at 7:30 p.m. every night in Flandrau Planetarium plus Sat. and Sun. matinees at 1:30, 2:30 and 3:30 p.m. Tickets \$3.50. Info, 621-STAR.

Garden Party Nov. 21, 22

The Tucson Men's Garden Club will have their hands clean after they've dirtied them planting, pruning and growing flowers, edibles and houseplants. They have over 200 categories of vegetables that will be judged. See what you can't find in the supermarket. At Park Mall, regular hours. Info, 326-9376.

Great Food in a Hospital Nov. 25

Tucson General Hospital continues its culinary series. Local chefs put in cameo appearances and demonstrate their specialties. Molly McCall, chef of the White Dove at the Sheraton El Conquistador, prepares hors d'oeuvres, snacks and beverages. Samples are offered. Free at 11 a.m. in the Tucson Room at 3838 N. Campbell. Info, 327-5431.

Tucson Botanical Gardens Nov. 7

Get out of the house and into the real world with your kid. Marty Eberhardt, education coordinator, will lead a child/parent nature walk, show-and-tell about sun prints of leaves and flowers, feed you and teach you about mesquite cake and prickly pear punch. Tucson Botanical Gardens, 2150 N. Alvernon. Children ages 4-8, each with a parent. Fee: \$6 per pair, members \$5. 326-9255.

Sunday Jazz Evenings

Hang out at an elegant party with friends or snuggle up to drink alone and zone out on good tunes. Whether it's booze or sparkling water, this will wind down your weekend so Monday's 8-5 won't seem so depressing. At presstime, no announcement yet on who's jamming. The show sizzles from 4 p.m.-7 p.m. Great overlook on the city or mountains from Westward Look. Take your pick, but don't miss. Free.

The Coffee Generation Through November

Drink your way through a catalog of coffees, teas and wine at Coffee Etc. every Sunday and get wired or

WHERE TO HOWL

mellow (your choice) listening to Daryl Hinson on classical guitar. Same goes for Tuesdays, when this upscale coffeehouse presents Hackensack's mainstream jazz. Shows start at 7:30 p.m. 2744 N. Campbell. They're in the process of moving (just a block away) so call first. 881-8070.

Support for Arthritis Through November

The Tucson General Hospital sponsors an arthritis support group for those on the plus side of 50. The purpose is to share experiences, meet people and occasionally hear helpful presentations by the hospital. Meets the second and fourth Wednesdays of the month at 1 p.m. in the Tucson Room, 3838 N. Campbell. Free. Info, 323-4319.

Women on the Rise

Want a new career? Want a career at all? Want to go higher up in your present job? You'll have to stop wanting and get going. The Women Helping Women program, sponsored by the YWCA, offers a push in the form of half-hour individual counseling sessions every Thursday from 5:30 p.m. to 7 p.m. at 738 N. Fifth Ave. Nominal charge of \$10, legal counseling \$5. All instructors are accredited counselors or attorneys. Info, 884-7810 or 296-1285.



Gaslight Theatre Nov. 1-7

This time around they're presenting "The Three Musketeers," but it won't be like any version you've ever seen. Watch an original take-off on the legend of three long-haired swordsmen defending the King of France. Part tame comedy, part slapstick. 7000 E. Tanque Verde Rd. Info, 886-9428.

Candide Nov. 1-7

The theme of The Arizona Theatre Company's '87-'88 season is "Coming of Age," and they're kicking it off with a musical version of Voltaire's "Candide" (five authors joined talents on this production). A hilarious satire on politics,

religion, and social mores. TCC theater at 8 p.m. Info, 622-2823.

Te Kanawa's in Town Nov. 4

The UA Artist Series presents New Zealand soprano Kiri Te Kanawa at 8 p.m. in UA Centennial Hall. This is her first appearance in Tucson. Tickets \$20-26. Info, 621-3341.

Tucson Symphony Orchestra Nov. 5, 6

Guest artist Yefim Bronfman, pianist, joins the orchestra in Saint-Saens Piano Concerto No. 2 in g minor. Also on this program are Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony and Richard Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration." At 8 p.m. in TCC Music Hall. Tickets \$6-16. Info, 882-8585.

UA Mainstage Series

Nov. 5-21

Nov. 6-22

The University Theatre is presenting "Romeo and Juliet," directed by guest Walter Schoen. If you're sated with Shakespeare, they're also presenting "The Foreigner" by Larry Shue and directed by Sam Smiley. Tickets: general \$8, students \$4. Evening performances at 8 p.m.; matinees at 2 p.m. in the Drama Bldg. at Olive and Speedway Info, 621-1162.

Symphony Recital Series Nov. 8, 9

A small piece of the Tucson Symphony—a wind quartet—goes on local tour with Milhaud's "The Chimney of King Rene," Barber's "Summer Music," Fine's "Partita," and Reicha's Quintet in E-flat. Showtime at 8 p.m. at St. Philip's in the Hills. On the 9th the same music will be performed at Valley Presbyterian Church, 2800 S. Camino del Sol, Green Valley, at 3 p.m. Tickets \$5 at the door. Info, 882-8585.

Invisible Theatre Nov. 11-29

"Benefactors," the long-running Broadway play and London hit by Michael Frayn, revolves around an architect, his wife and the couple next door—all working toward personal gratification and professional fulfillment. Matinees are 2 p.m. on Nov. 15, 22 & 29. Closed Thanksgiving. Curtain 8 p.m. at 1400 N. 1st Ave. Info, 882-9721.

Arizona Friends of Music Nov. 12

No stranger to Tucson, Tashi is a popular favorite from past seasons. Richard Stolzman,

clarinetist, performs with a string quartet at 8 p.m. in UA Crowder Hall. Tickets, general \$10; \$4 students. Info 298-5806.

SALOC

Nov. 12-15, 21-22

Tucson's light opera company presents the classic Broadway hit "The Sound of Music." A warm, funny romp through a serious time in European history. Nov. 15 matinee at 2 p.m. Other showtimes 8 p.m., all in TCC Music Hall. Tickets \$8-15. East Side info, 323-7888; West Side 884-1212.

TACTfully Done

Nov. 14, 15, 21, 22

The Tucson Actors Civic Theatre opens its fourth season with Agatha Christie's drawing room comedy, "The Hollow." It assembles an odd assortment of 10 characters who gather in a stately English mansion. One is murdered; figure out which of the remaining nine is the culprit. At Temple Emanu-El, 225 N. Country Club. Tickets \$5. Call for performance times. Info, 299-8101, between 9 a.m.-3 p.m.

Arizona Theatre Company

Nov. 14-Dec. 5

Presenting "Great Expectations," Charles Dickens' classic about young Pip, an orphan who's transformed into a real gentleman. Adaptation by Barbara Field. Bring the entire family to this one. TCC theater at 8 p.m. Info, 622-2823.

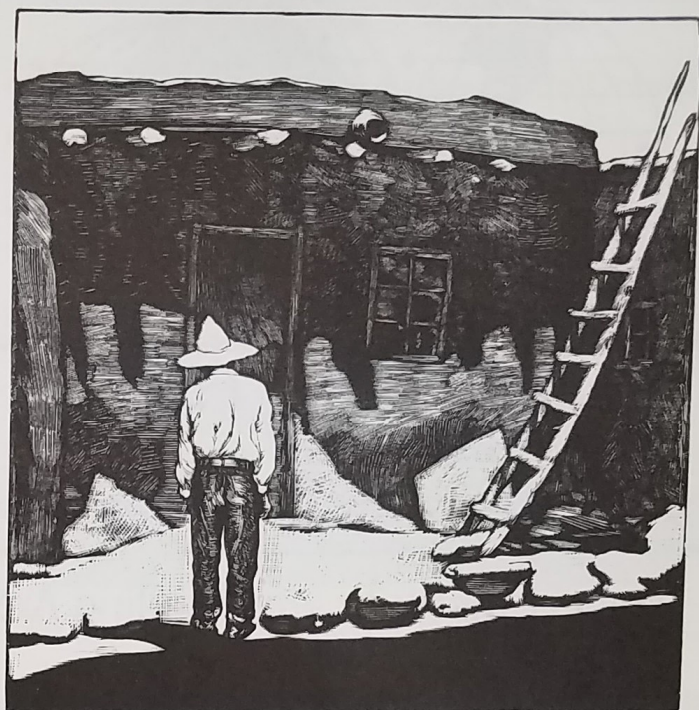
Tucson Symphony Orchestra Nov. 19, 20

Guest artist Edith Davis, soprano, joins the symphony in a concert including: Berlioz' "Roman Carnival" Overture, Samuel Adler's "Joi, Amor, Cortezia," Mahler's Symphony No. 4, and Puccini arias from "Turandot," "Gianni Schicchi" & "Tosca." 8 p.m. in TCC Music Hall. Tickets \$6-16. Info, 882-8585.

The Unashamed Accompanist

Nov. 23

It's an "Evening of Song: In Memory of Gerald Moore." He was a true gentleman who was primarily responsible for making the public aware of the importance of accompanists, and one of the most recorded artists ever. Pianist Paula Fan, soprano Beth Mosher and tenor Grayson Hirst pay tribute to him with an evening of songs. At 8 p.m. in Crowder Hall. Adm. charge, \$3. Info, 621-1655.



Howard Cook (1901-1980), "Hopi House", 1927, 8 x 8 in., woodcut.



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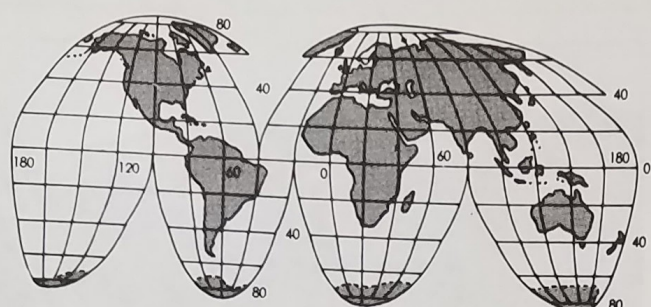
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FLICKS

GERMAN FILMS

As lighthearted as a panzer division

Richard C. Helt is a direct descendant of Davy Crockett, and his passion is the forbiddingly intellectual frontier of German film.

Visit him in his office, and you are in a virtual shrine to the Fatherland. The place is cluttered with German posters, German degrees and stacks of German books. A matte black near-antique phone (circa 1950), brought from Berlin years ago, rings with a peculiar rising tone, like a soprano stretching toward a high note.

But Helt, an associate professor of German at the University of Arizona, doesn't spend much time in this cubicle. He lives for the cool darkness of the theater when the lights flicker off and the show begins in the guttural sounds of his second language. He figures he has seen at least 400 German films in the last ten years.

Born in the breadbasket of Kansas, Helt's ancestry includes three German grandparents, one Scottish-Irish, and, a few generations further removed, the famous rifleman who packed it in at the Alamo. His intoxication with Germany dates back to a two-year hitch in the U.S. Army (1959-1961) during the Berlin crisis. Helt sat around watching the construction of the wall, wondering if he might be called upon to shoot East Germans. To make better use of the time he went on a cultural rampage, turning to the beer halls to learn the language and meet the German people.

Today Helt and his wife spend each summer in Germany drinking in the latest films—and not in the casual way we plop ourselves into comfy seats at the neighborhood theater. Two years ago, during a sabbatical, Helt attended the Berlin Film Festival and screened thirty features in eighteen days. Last year he sat through the Munich Film Festival, ricocheting from film to film—eighteen in six days—often leaving in mid-reel to dash to another. Nor was this mere passive viewing. At German film festivals the directors show up and the audience critiques their work on the spot.

Helt's a tireless cheerleader for German films. Part of his zeal stems from his intricate knowledge and appreciation of the culture that produces them. It doesn't bother him—as it might some of us—that the new German Cinema Movement filmmakers are serious, serious, serious. They've received their training directly from the theater, and their films often are riddled with analytical intellectualizing. It may seem heavyhanded, but it serves as a form of social criticism, demanding answers from a disturbing history.

Helt's favorite film? In last year's crop, at least, it wasn't one of the heavyweights: "Benjamin the Invisible," written and directed by Volker Pieske. It was about a TV talk show meister who inherits a hood that makes him invisible—a device he uses to prove his wife is having an affair. A comedy, really.

Helt put himself through Kansas State College and the University of Wyoming graduate school by working part-time as a conductor and brakeman on the Denver-Rio Grande railroad, then earned his Ph.D. at what he calls "the Harvard of the Midwest," Washington University in St. Louis. His dissertation explored the world of German expressionistic drama. But when he first ventured overseas, Helt says he "earned a good living playing rock 'n' roll saxophone and through my music connections and my interest in popular culture became involved in film."

At 47, Helt's boundless fascination with German has enveloped even his two-year-old daughter. He converses with her only in German, while his wife speaks to her exclusively in English. It's a proven method, he says, for making her perfectly bilingual.

Richard and Marie Helt, also a German teacher and scholar, have taken their accumulated knowledge and passion and put it into a filmography entitled *West German Cinema Since 1945*, to be published later this year. The book describes more than 3,300 German films listed alphabetically (great if you know what you're looking for), and Helt says he's seen approximately ten per cent of that number.

The best initiation into this cinematic world is Helt's German Film Series at UA. More than 200 people turned out for the first of this season's series, Gunter Grass' "Tin Drum," in August. The series continues every Thursday in the UA Modern Languages Auditorium at 7:30 p.m., and admission is free. This month's offerings, Helt says, are all products of the Nazi era, but are non-propagandistic.

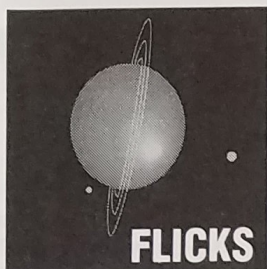
—Laura Greenberg

Nov. 5: "Der alte und der junge König" ("The Old and Young King"), a historical film about Friedrich Wilhelm I and his son, Friedrich II of Prussia. In German.

Nov. 12: "Robert Koch" (1939) is the story of the doctor who discovered the tuberculosis bacillus and his lifelong quest for recognition. In German.

Nov. 19: "Munchausen" (1943) was adapted from Erich Kastner's novel about the notorious liar Baron Munchausen. The first German movie in color. English subtitles.

WHERE TO HOWL



FLICKS

UA Classic Film Series Nov. 2, 3

For those who applaud Bette Davis' husky-voiced talents, "Whatever Happened to Baby Jane" (1962) will only reinforce your opinion. A gothic tale of jealousy and madness swirling around two sisters (Joan Crawford, predictably, is the nuttier of the pair) living in a rotting mansion. Leave your kids at home; Joan serves Bette's pet bird to her for lunch. Mon. 5:30 and 8:30 p.m., Tues. 7:30 p.m. in the UA Modern Languages Auditorium. General tickets \$1.75; students \$1.25; children \$.50. Info, 621-3282.

Nov. 9, 10

James Cagney stars in "White Heat," a tough and explicit 1949 gangster film by Raoul Walsh, the best director of action flicks in the 1940s. Cagney plays Cody Jarrett, one of the movies' scariest psychotics, a guy who enjoys murdering people and sits on his mother's lap when he feels bad. Cody fulfills Ma's dream and makes it to the "top of the world."

Nov. 16, 1

Joan Crawford stars in the crime drama, "A Woman's Face" (1941). Crawford has to fight the Stockholm courts for an acquittal for shooting a mean scion. Half her face is disfigured and she feels unsuitable for living so she joins a gang. She's saved by a kindly doctor who restores her beauty, then turns on the gang.

Nov. 23, 24

Study the mystique of Marilyn Monroe in Howard Hawks' 1953 "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Two dancers from Arkansas (Jane Russell's the other one) hit the big time in Paris. Monroe is a first-rate comedienne here and performs the legendary "Diamonds are a Girl's Best Friend" number.

UA International Arts Society Nov. 6, 13, 20

Nov. 6 presents "Espoir"; Nov. 13 spotlights "Stavisky"; and the month ends on the 20th with "The Lacemaker." At 5:15 p.m. and 8:15 p.m. in

the UA Modern Languages Auditorium. Tickets, \$1.50. Info, 621-7393.

Cult Classics Nov. 7

"Two-Lane Blacktop" stars James Taylor and Dennis Wilson, two drag-strip hustlers in a mega-horsepower '55 Chevy who make life miserable for Warren Oates in his shiny new GTO. The car part is easy to understand; the rest of the movie isn't. At the UA Modern Languages Auditorium at 7 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. Adm. \$2. Info, 621-1277.

Nov. 14

In "Repo Man" Emilio Estevez plays a punk who learns the ropes and the "Repo Man Code" when he teams up with veteran Harry Dean Stanton in this strange tale of guys who repossess cars. Our heroes, and a lot of other odd folks, are after a '64 Chevelle with extra-terrestrials in the trunk. As Harry said, "Repo Man's always intense."

Nov. 21

The last of this series is "Zelig," where chameleon Woody Allen rubs shoulders with Babe Ruth and the pope, wandering through old newsreels and becoming as many characters as there are Campbell's soups.



ART

Amerind Foundation Through November

Freelancer Cy Lehrer's b&w photos of Texas Canyon are on display. If you don't think sex appeal can exist in a rock, check out these formations. He finds the right curves in Mother Nature. Adm. charge. Open daily 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Located 65 miles east of Tucson in Dragoon. Info on directions, 1-586-3666.

Ann Original Gallery Nov. 1-15

Ann Rodgers displays representational watercolors—primarily Southwestern landscapes. Also, Diane Leonard's traditional portraits in oils and Greg Brigg's bronze sculptures. Mon.-Fri. 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Sat. 'til 5 p.m. 4811 E. Grant Rd., Suite 153, in the Crossroads Festival Mall. 323-0266.

Nov. 15-Dec. 12

Their anniversary show focuses on Anke Van Dun, multi-media artist who created the copper mural at the Sheraton El Conquistador, along with a retrospective of featured artists from 1986-1987. Reception, Nov. 19, 7-9 p.m. includes a buffet of munchies, music by Bill Ganz, fine wines and fun.

Arizona State Museum Through Dec. '87

Photographic exhibit of UA buildings, in b&w and color, that have been placed in the National Register. Get a historical perspective of UA architecture. Mon.-Sat., 9-5 p.m. and Sun., 2-5 p.m. 621-6302.

Art Network

Through November

Get original and own some "wearable art." Outfit yourself in avant-garde bola ties, jewelry, gonzo T-shirts with social comments. Oct. through Nov. 28, artists Louis Bernal, Fernando Joffrow, Christina Cardeans, Gonzalo Espinosa, Carlos Encinas, and Alfred Quiroz will exhibit their personal interpretations of the Day of the Dead, a Hispanic tradition. Corner of Hotel Congress. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; Sat., 8-10 p.m. 624-7005.

Azimuth Gallery Nov. 3-29

Featuring the surrealistic animal motifs of Charlotte Bender in oils, mixed media and her beyond-modern animal coffee tables (pyramid pedestals with glass). Don't ask, go see. This could bring out the primate in you. Reception, Sat. Nov. 14, 6-9 p.m. Tues.-Fri., 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; Sat. and Sun., 1-4 p.m. 210 E. Congress. 624-7089.

Berta Wright Gallery Nov. 27-Dec. 28

A special Christmas show featuring the artistic adventures of Christmas in Mary Langston's earthtone ceramic nativity scenes; the Cochiti Indian creches depicting the Virgin Mary and her flock; and nativity scenes from around the world. Reception, Nov. 27 from 5-9 p.m. with refreshments. Foothills Center Hours, Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-9 p.m. Sat., 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Sun., noon-5 p.m. 742-4134.

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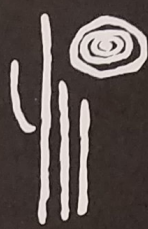
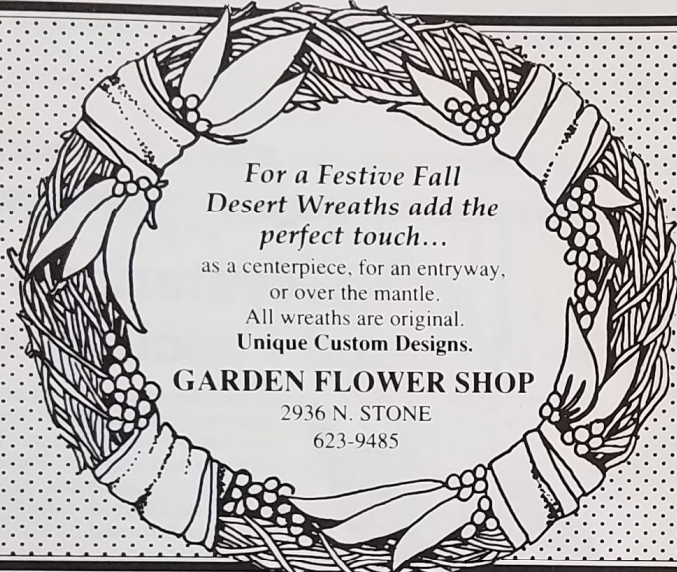


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ART TUCSON ART EXPO '87 NOV. 12-15

Tried walking downtown lately? Congress is a trail of brown craters that would make a dirt bike rider squeal with glee, and Stone is a gauntlet of day-glo orange signs that announce you've taken a wrong turn and entered a war zone of construction. And note the new canyon between Stone and Church—the square block that was first leveled, except for the pea-green public defender's office, then excavated. But take heart. They're renovating the inner city.

The dust is evidence of the effort to turn Tucson into a mecca for the arts in the Southwest, with a large concentration downtown. The Tucson-Pima Arts Council, in connection with local galleries, is gearing up for the transition by hosting Tucson Art Expo '87. It's four days packed with symposia, tours, chitchat parties and events that extol the virtues of our town, our artists and our galleries. Think of it as a glimpse of the future.

—Laura Greenberg

In the Beginning Nov. 12

From 4:30-6:30 p.m. a reception will be held for all Art Expo '87 poster finalists. This is your chance to see the stuff they didn't pick. The winner receives \$500 and the satisfaction of seeing 1,000 copies plastered around the city to advertise Tucson Art Expo '87. Refreshments and conversation at the Tucson-Pima Arts Council, 100 S. Church Ave. Suite 198. Info, 624-0595.

Chasing Rainbows Nov. 13

They're calling it "Space Chase," which is how artists live: chasing after studios that are affordable and can be used as personal housing. The symposium features authorities from different locales who know about live/work space for artists: Stephen Costa, president of the Bay Area Partnership in Oakland, California; Stephen A. Goldsmith, executive director of Art-space in Salt Lake City; Cheryl Kartes, independent art consultant; and Harold R. Snedcof, manager of corporate contributions for the New York Public Library (and an author on cultural mixed-use facilities in arts districts). A \$15 registration fee buys you lunch and the ins and outs on how to survive and prosper as an artist in an urban environment. Even if you're not an artist, learn what it's like to be one. From 9 a.m.-5 p.m. at Days Inn (formerly the Santa Rita Hotel) downtown. Further info, 624-0595.

EXPOsure Extravaganza Nov. 13

The EXPOsure Ball is being held at Hotel Congress—Tucson's nightclub that echoes "Bright Lights, Big City." They're telling everyone this is fancy: avant-garde dress-up to camp to cult classic to anything that will draw you attention so you can hobnob

with artistes—many of whom aren't starving. Either way, if you don't have fancy clothes, put on paint-splattered jeans and you'll pass. Ask strangers questions about art, talk about dada and post-modernism, or just have fun. From 9 p.m.-1 a.m. with live music. Single \$8, couples \$15. All proceeds to support efforts to establish affordable live/work places in the arts district. 311 E. Congress. Info, 622-8848.

Participating Galleries Nov. 14

The following galleries will be open from 10 a.m.-5 p.m. on this Saturday for exhibitions. There will be six escorted tours and two walking tours, all starting at different locations, from 10 a.m.-5 p.m. From 6 to 9 p.m. Expo '87 hosts receptions at participating galleries. Plenty of booze, food and great visuals. Don't leave home without your plastic.

At press time, some plans weren't final, so call the Tucson-Pima Arts Council at 624-0595 between 8 a.m. and 5 p.m. to find out locations and meeting places.

Participants: Etherton Gallery, Tohono Chul Park, Saguaro Gallery, El Presidio Gallery, the Art Company, Turnbuckle Studios, Ann Original Gallery, Cabat Studio, Meckler/Jayne Gallery, Davis Gallery, Old Town Artisans, Womankraft, UA Student Union galleries, Philabaum Studios, Cafe Ole, Cafe Magritte, Desert Artisans Gallery, Azimuth Gallery, New-speak Forum, Beth O'Donnel Gallery, Venture Fine Arts, Loews Ventana Canyon, Impressions II, and Natural Light Gallery (Club Congress Hotel).

Round-up Nov. 15

Gallery exhibitions from noon-five p.m. will wrap up the festivities you've missed during the week.

WHERE TO HOWL

permanent collection that includes Ansel Adams, Edward Weston, WeeGee and scads of others. Call for the monthly surprise. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun., noon-5 p.m. 843 E. University Blvd. 621-7968.

De Grazia Gallery Nov. 1-30

See what happened when De Grazia went on an astrology binge and interpreted the zodiac signs. Mon.-Sun., 10 a.m.-4 p.m. 6300 N. Swan Rd. 299-9191.

Dinnerware Cooperative Nov. 1-11

Scheryle J. Simmons' recent b&w, 20x24 format nude figure studies and mixed media prints. 135 E. Congress St. Hours noon-5 p.m., Tues.-Sat. Sun., 1-4 p.m. Info, 792-4503.

Nov. 10-29

Kevin Sloan's paintings and Peggy Doogan's mixed-media paintings. Reception, Nov. 14, 5-8 p.m.

Etherton Gallery Nov. 1-28

James G. Davis' recent prints and paintings, and James Reed (in his first major show) with mixed media paintings on photos reminiscent of Egyptian reliefs and frescoes. Wed.-Sat., noon-5 p.m. Thur. 'til 7 p.m. 424 E. 6th St. 624-7370.

Doors Are Art

Frank Franklin makes thick, hand-carved doors, and he paints, too—in a primitive and bright Southwestern style.

Anna Franklin, his wife, makes outrageous puppets. They'll let you look (and buy) at their downtown studio, but by appointment only. Info, 792-0777.

Meckler/Jayne Gallery Nov. 3-29

Featuring large oil paintings from Allen Maertz's "Citizen Series," where characters seem to tumble out of tarot cards, reflecting a colorful and whimsical world. Randy Spalding displays new works from his "Icon Series," sculptures in wood and tin. Reception, Nov. 7, 6-9 p.m. 121 S. 4th Ave. Tues.-Fri., noon-4 p.m. Sat.-Sun., 1-4 p.m. 624-7089.

Mitchell, Brown & Co. Nov. 1-31

Featuring a large selection of 19th- and 20th-century American paintings with an emphasis on ornithological prints and botanicals. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. 2843 N. Campbell Ave. 795-0896.

Obsidian Gallery Nov. 2-21

Tucsonan Kevin Osborn's ceramics have been bought internationally (Tokyo, Europe and New York). His architectural sized pieces are sophisticated and his stamp is creamy pastel glazes, finished with steel, copper or gold. If you prefer a purchase you can wear out of the gallery, New Yorker Karen Kuhn's jewelry is intricately crafted using precious metals, semi-precious stones and patterned niobium in her pins and earrings. Don't miss. Reception, Nov. 6, 5-8 p.m. 4340 N.

Campbell, Suite 90. Mon.-Sat. 10-5:30. 577-3598.

Old Pueblo Museum

Nov. 10 Through Jan. 31

Entitled "Sculptured Steeds: The Golden Age of Carousels." The exhibit focuses on the private collection of the American Carousel Museum. Antique, hand-carved wooden carousel horses, restored to original condition, are displayed. Some are hand-painted in oils; some show off the wood's natural color and grain. Check out the working hand-cranked English carousel. Demonstrations of carousel animal restoration. At Foothills Center. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-9 p.m.; Sat., 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; Sun., noon-5 p.m. Free. 742-7191.

Beth O'Donnell Gallery, Ltd.

Nov. 3-28

Andrew Rush's ceramics (hang them near changing light and their surfaces seem altered) and a series of horse masks; Jon Eric Schafer's wheel-thrown pottery is sculpted into landscape forms and repeatedly fired and glazed. Reception, Nov. 14, 6-9 p.m. St. Philip's Plaza, River and Campbell, Suite 64. Tues.-Sat., 11 a.m.-6 p.m. 299-6998.

Saguaro Gallery

Nov. 15-30

Entitled "The Heart of The Story," Mick B. Harrison's Western style art is rendered in oils and watercolors. Reception, Nov. 15, 2-6 p.m. Tues.-Sun., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. 11050 E. Tanque Verde. 749-2152.

Mmmmmmmmmmm

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—Capt. John Bourke, *On The Border With Crook*

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WHERE TO HOWL

Sanders Galleries

Exhibits by Western artists Richard Iams, Don Jaramillo, Doug Ricks and Doyle Shaw. 6420 N. Campbell Ave. 299-1763. Hours Mon.-Sat. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Showing at the Westin La Paloma branch gallery are regional artists and watercolors on rice paper by Jerry Becker. 3300 E. Sunrise. 577-5820. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-7 p.m.

San Pedro Chapel Gallery Opens Nov. 13

The primitive paintings in watercolor (transparent & opaque) of Tucsonan Jules Nathan in an exhibit entitled "The Sixth Day." Opens Nov. 13, 5-8 p.m., continuing Nov. 14 and 15 from noon-6 p.m. After that by appointment only. 5230 E. Ft. Lowell Rd. For appointment 296-6580 or 887-4874.

Subway Gallery in Bisbee

Nov. 14-Dec. 3
At presstime the works of Todd Bogatay and Tomas Enriquez were scheduled. Call for info. Tues.-Sun., noon-4 p.m. 45 Main Street, Bisbee. 1-432-5230.

Tohono Chul Park Closing Nov. 3

Called the "Prickly Pear Exhibition," this is a multi-media event showing off artists' renditions of the ubiquitous prickly pear cactus—abstract, representational, whatever. If you like a surprise, don't miss. 7366 Paseo del Norte. Adm. charge. 9:30 a.m.-5 p.m. daily. 742-6455.

Nov. 2-30

Watercolors of Mexico in a kaleidoscope of colors by Shirley Oppenheimer.

Nov. 7-Jan. 4

"Traditional and Contemporary Quilts," a colorful fabric-ganza including miniature quilts for doll houses, traditional sizes, and an old-fashioned quilting bee where nimble fingers can learn or klutzes can just watch and enjoy.

Tucson Art Institute Through December

The Institute is putting on its faculty exhibition—sculpture, paintings, drawings and prints. 1157 S. Swan Rd. 748-1173.

Tucson Museum of Art

Nov. 1-29
Entitled "Post-War Paintings from Brandeis University, selected from the Rose Art Museum," this exhibition

includes prime works by artists Milton Avery, Willem de Kooning, Helen Frankenthaler, Jasper Johns, Franz Kline, Roy Lichtenstein, Robert Rauschenberg and others. Now you won't have to visit New York. 140 N. Main Ave. Tues., 10 a.m.-9 p.m. Wed.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun., 1-5 p.m. Adm. charge. 624-2333.

UA Hall of Fame Gallery Nov. 1-13

It's the annual poster contest for graphics students that will advertise the upcoming 9th annual alumni competition. Winner gets a hundred bucks and the polished poster to go job hunting with. Regular building hours. 621-3546.

Nov. 18-Dec. 19

Nancy Hall Brooks exhibits paintings and collages.

UA Joseph Gross Gallery Nov. 4-14

The paintings of George Judson are on display. UA Art Bldg. Gallery hours Wed.-Fri., 12-6 p.m. Sat. and Sun., 12-4 p.m. Info, 621-7570.

Nov. 16-Dec. 11

It's another graduate review show—enough to stir the jitters in any graduate student. Lend support and go see.

UA Museum of Art

Nov. 8-Dec. 1

It's the annual faculty exhibition and there's no predicting what 25 painters, sculptors, photographers, ceramicists, fiber artists et al. will show this year. Andy Polk is the featured faculty artist and will display his paintings and prints. Call for reception time. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m.-5 p.m. and noon-4 p.m. on Sunday. 621-7567.

UA Rotunda Gallery

Nov. 1-18

Kathi Doudnik exhibits abstract landscapes in watercolors and watercolor collages. Regular Student Union building hours. 621-3546.

Nov. 24-Dec. 19

Entitled "Static Masters," local photographers display their work.

UA Union Gallery

Nov. 2-22

Ninth Annual Alumni Exhibition. A grab bag featuring more than 100 different works by 100 different people. The perfect show to see artwork done by mechanics, closet artists, Sunday artists, experi-

mentalists, et al. UA Student Union, main floor. Mon.-Fri., 10-4 p.m., Sun., 11-3 p.m. 621-3546.

Venture Fine Arts Through November

A new gallery on the block emphasizing representational and impressionistic art. Featured are Carolyn Norton (impressionistic figures and still lifes in oil); Dan Bates (western bronze sculpture); Gary Price (wildlife sculpture) and many others. Mon.-Sat. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. and by appointment. 6541 E. Tanque Verde (Trail Dust Town). Info, 298-2258.

Womankraft Gallery

Nov. 10-24

For the holiday season, they're staging a bazaar and will feature all handmade items from \$3 to \$1,000. They're presenting as much work by local artists as possible. Reception is Nov. 14, 10 a.m.-9 p.m. Plenty of munchies. This gallery specializes in art to serve special populations—senior citizens, children and, of course, women. Weekdays, noon-4 p.m. 200 E. Congress St. 792-6306.

Nov. 19

They're having a Keltic harp concert at 7 p.m. with Laurie Riley from Mendocino, California. \$4 general public; \$3 Womankraft bldg. members.

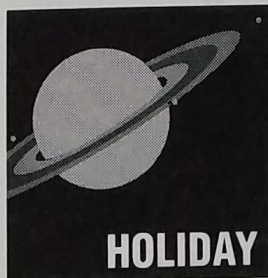
Nov. 22

Entitled "Reading From a Chair," this is poetry being read by people in wheelchairs. Chuck Diamond, one participant, won a national poetry prize. At 2 p.m. Adm. \$2.

Yuma Art Center

Nov. 1-Dec. 27

They've named a TV show after it, there are books on it—now they're showing Cy Lehrer's b&w photos of it. The exhibit is "Bypassed Places: Route 66." Tues.-Sat, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun., 1-5 p.m. 281 Gila St. Yuma. Info, 1-783-2314.



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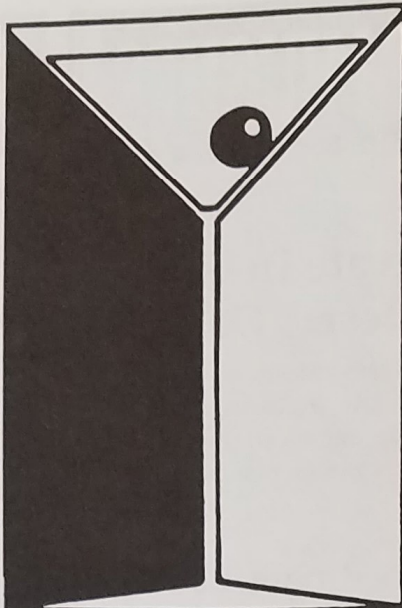
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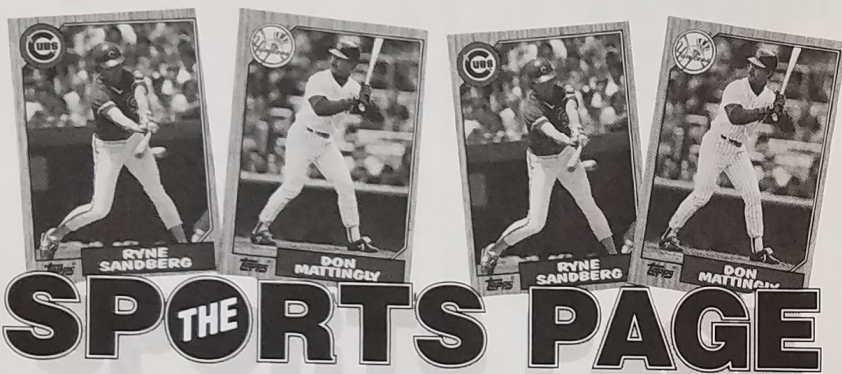
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in Tombstone is having an arts and crafts fair featuring such homespun items as crocheted and knitted baby clothes, doilies, stuffed animals, Afghans, embroidered pictures, potholders, towels, dolls, handmade clowns. All proceeds to upkeep of gallery and scholarships. Wed.-Sun., 10 a.m.-4 p.m. on 5th and Toughnut. Info, 1-457-3485.

Bazaar in Safford Nov. 6, 7

The Mt. Graham Hospital Auxiliary is sponsoring its annual Christmas house—your chance to pick up hand-crafted goodies for the holidays. Proceeds to Mt. Graham Community Hospital. Further info on location and times, call 1-428-0831.

TCC Craft Festival Nov. 13-15

The Community Center is going wall-to-wall with a holiday arts and crafts show. Also, food booths to get stuffed on while you purchase Christmas gifts. At presstime, exact times not known. Info, 791-4101.

All Church Bazaar in Tombstone Nov. 14

Handmade items suitable for Christmas will be available for purchase—gifts, home-baked food, Christmas ornaments made of stained glass, novelty napkin holders, hand-crocheted and hand-knitted items, et al. Three Tombstone churches are participating. From 9 a.m.-4 p.m. at the Community Congregational Church, corner 2nd and Allen St. Info, 1-457-2205.

Santa's Workshop in Willcox Nov. 14

Homegrown Christmas bazaar with all items handmade by the folks in Willcox. Free. Further info, 384-2272.

Third Annual Winter Fair in Patagonia Nov. 14, 15

Patagonia's community happening with booths by local artists, Christmas music on string instruments, storytelling, puppetry, food and workshops. From 10 a.m.-5 p.m. on Main St. Free. Info, 1-394-2732.

Spend Money, Relieve Stress Nov. 20-22

The Tucson Museum of Art sponsors its 4th annual holi-

day revelry craft fair. Plenty of music, food and children's workshops and juried work of Arizona craftspeople. Free at the Plaza of the Pioneers, TMA's backyard. Fri., noon-5 p.m. Sat. & Sun., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Info, 624-2333.

Nogales Nov. 21

Downtown lights up at dusk when the mayor flips the switch—all the Christmas lights of Old Nogoy twinkle while school choirs sing and food vendors hawk their goodies. Info, 1-287-3685.

Many Hands Nov. 21

The Many Hands Artisans Courtyard is re-creating an old-time Thanksgiving with a turkey roasted in an outdoor oven and fresh baked pies and breads for sale. Demonstrations featuring the crafts of early settlers will be featured—quilting, spinning, weaving, pottery-making and more. Don't miss the "Back Fence" Sale. 10 a.m.-4 p.m. 3054 N. First Ave. Info, 623-9787.

Winslow Christmas Nov. 21

Join over 200 participants for the 41st annual Christmas parade in Winslow—the largest in Arizona—with folks traveling in from Las Vegas for the show. Theme this year is "Stories of Christmas," so come dressed as your favorite character. Food booths, music and entertainment at 1 p.m. on 2nd and 3rd. St. Wear a jacket—it's chilly. Approx. 60 miles east of Flagstaff. Info, 1-289-2434.

Reap What You Sow Nov. 21, 22

The Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum's harvest bazaar features a combination cacti/succulent and gem/mineral sale. Other local vendors gearing up for Christmas will also be on hand to sell their wares. Free from 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Info, 883-1380.

Festival of Lights in Turkey Trot Nov. 22

Join around 800 other road runners in the pre-Thanksgiving 10k race, with a 2-mile trot for neophytes. At press time, adm. charge is figured to be somewhere over \$5 and under \$10, and it includes the breakfast buffet. Race starts from Northwest Hospital at 7:30 a.m. Sponsored by the

Southern Arizona Road Runners. Call 744-6256 for exact location.

Deck the Malls Nov. 27

Santa beams down from the North Pole to kick off the social activity of the season—prowling the malls for Christmas gifts. You can have your picture taken with St. Nick 'til Dec. 27. Holiday music also starts and runs through Christmas.

Wish Upon The Stars Nov. 27-Jan. 3

Entitled "Star of Wonder," Travel back 2,000 years in time to view the skies as the Wise Men did in this beautiful and traditional Flandrau Planetarium Christmas show. Mixture of slides and gonzo special effects. Return to a time when the skies had no smog. Tickets \$3.50. Tues.-Sat. at 7:30 p.m. and Sat. & Sun.* at 1:30 p.m., 2:30 p.m. and 3:30 p.m. Extra afternoon shows during Christmas week. Info, 621-STAR.

An International Market in Bisbee Nov. 27, 18, 29

Begin salivating when Bisbee becomes an international food bazaar and handcrafted gift market. From 10 a.m.-4 p.m. in downtown Bisbee. Info, 1-432-2141.

Holiday Fair Nov. 28, 29

Not a stop on the "crafts" circuit—homegrown artisans display their stocking stuffers and ornaments in this grass-roots fair of handmade holiday art. One of the best of its kind—the good stuff goes early. 10:30 a.m.-4 p.m. at Ft. Lowell Park. Info, 791-5289.

Bisbee Home Tour Nov. 28, 29

It's the sixth annual home tour—your chance to see the insides of renovated historic homes. Will be well-marked when you arrive in Bisbee. Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun., noon-5 p.m. Further info, 1-432-5376.

Christmas in Safford Nov. 28

Safford is hosting a cowboy Christmas celebration—parade, food booths and tons of homegrown arts and crafts. Parade is downtown but at press time the arts & crafts location was still undetermined. Starts at 9 a.m. Info, 1-428-2511.



VIETNAMESE FOOD: ONE OF THE GREAT EARTHLY CUISINES

BY LAWRENCE W. CHEEK

Les Wallach, a Tucson architect who spent two years doing construction work in Vietnam, remembers a startling encounter with the country's cuisine.

"We were invited to a wedding dinner at the home of a Vietnamese family," Wallach says. "They were people in really modest circumstances—the house had a thatched roof and a dirt floor. But they'd typed up the menu for us in English. I noticed that the first item on it was SNACKS. Fine, I thought, that's the logical way to start a celebration. But then they served the food and it turned out it was SNAKES."

Wallach doesn't remember for sure, but it probably turned out fine. Vietnamese food is terrific—gastronome Craig Claiborne ranks it among the four finest cuisines on earth, and Jacques Pépin, who wrote the introduction for *The Classic Cuisine of Vietnam*, the best cookbook on the subject, says he's hooked on it. That an occasional ingredient may seem, well, excessively foreign shouldn't deter us; the result is invariably better than it sounds.

For example, a basic ingredient in most Vietnamese recipes is *nuoc mam*, unfortunately translated as "fish sauce." It's made by fermenting anchovies in a barrel with salt, and as Wallach recalls, "a *nuoc mam* factory is one of the world's truly incredible aromas." But again, no problem at the table. *Nuoc mam* acts as a flavor enhancer, seeming to intensify the taste of some bland meats such as pork; and as a diplomat negotiating peace among ingredients that otherwise would wage war if combined in the same dish.

Tucson has three Vietnamese restaurants—two of them new this year—and judging from the hordes of empty tables at mealtimes, we aren't exactly embracing this cuisine that we sort of caused to be imported here. The problem isn't the food. Marketing wizards in the restaurant industry work like crazy to weed out any "unpleasant associations" in the restaurant concept, design or menu that might, on some level of the psyche, cause people to turn away. Quick—what words do we associate with Vietnam? Death, failure, shame, tragedy. As good as it is, this cuisine faces no end of psychological barriers to acceptance in America.

The three Tucson outlets are A Dong, 3234 E. Speedway; New Saigon, 6211 E. Speedway; and Three Sisters, 2226 N. Stone. The latter is the oldest;



J. Ngoc Tran, of the Three Sisters Vietnamese Restaurant, delivering spring rolls.

it's been in business four years. Its two new competitors both offer huge Chinese menus alongside Vietnamese—a feature of dubious value. This isn't a review, but having eaten at all three several times, I'd rank Three Sisters at the top, with New Saigon second and A Dong third. All are exceptional values, offering good meals for five bucks or less.

Be Tran, the cheerful sister who waits tables for about thirteen hours a day at Three Sisters, provides a capsule introduction to the cooking of the land she fled in 1975, three days before the communists

seized Saigon. "Chinese occupy my country for 1,000 years, French later for 100 years. So Vietnamese food is kind of in between. We use same vegetables as Chinese, but different spices and some different techniques."

She lowers her voice and motions toward a table occupied by half a dozen Orientals. "See those people?" she whispers. "They own a restaurant themselves. They come here all the time. They are Chinese."

TUCSON'S BEST BIRD next page

— DROP THAT SPROUT SANDWICH! —

Tucson supports 63 bakeries, cranking out an incredible, illicit assortment

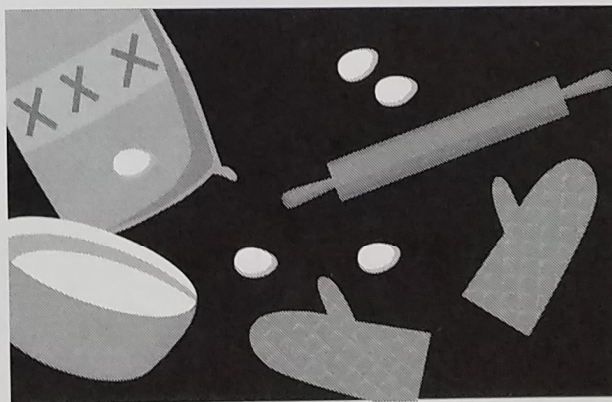
The average citizen of this nation knocks down sixty-seven pounds of refined sugar per year, not to mention another sixty pounds of other sweeteners. This is good news for all sorts of people—dentists, proprietors of fat farms, and, of course, bakers. It's the latter we're concerned with here. According to the phone book, Tucson supports 63 bakeries, cranking out an incredible assortment of baguettes, bagels, empanadas, cookies, cakes and homentashen. We don't have the space (within the magazine or our waistlines) to tour all of them, but here's a sampling of some of the most interesting. Drop that sprout sandwich and come along.

Blue Chip Cookies

The classic cookie is all tied up in American myth and folklore—interwoven with mom, home, hearth and all that. Entrepreneur Lori Nader figured she could cash in on this idea, and in 1982 Blue Chip Cookies made its debut on Beach Street in San Francisco. The craze spread across the land, and now the

Tucson store owners, Jim and Cathy Willingham, are satisfying cookie cravings with twelve different offerings. The Blue Chip trademark is a white chocolate and macadamia nut cookie, but they also offer brickle pecan, oatmeal raisin, the Blue Chip Royale (white chocolate, al-

BAKERIES page 23



Eat

TURKEY SANDWICHES

Seeking the perfect meal for election month

BY EMIL FRANZI

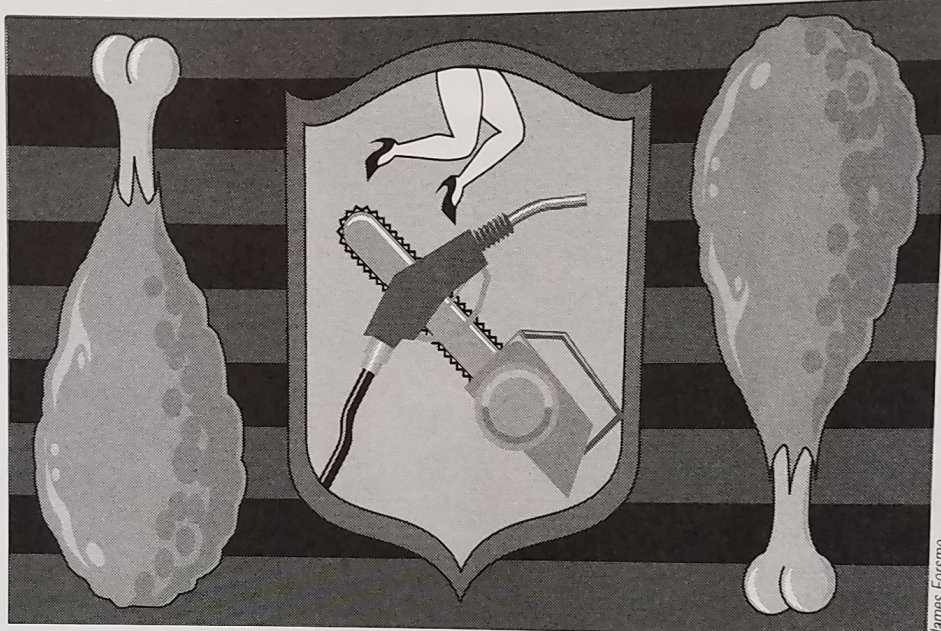
November is turkey month. Not just Thanksgiving, but time for Tucson city elections. A new mayor and council, nominated in September, elected in November, inaugurated in December, and co-opted by the city bureaucracy in about January. Once you know that the council members' personal aides are technically the employees of the city manager, you've got all the clues you need about where the real power is in City Hall.

I was thinking about this business of power in City Hall as I drove down Campbell Avenue one day in September and watched De Grazia's old place being levelled for a new gas station. Good news for rednecks; we can always use another one. I think somebody deserves formal commemoration for this one, and since the real power is a bit elusive, the guy who's been out in front for the last sixteen years may as well take the credit. Let's have a Lew Murphy Memorial Super Unleaded Pump. Or remember all the trees that used to stand just west of City Hall where La Entrada is now? They had to cut most of them down to keep the leaves and bird droppings off the BMWs. They did leave a few, so maybe we could put a plaque on a survivor that says, "Oops—Lew and the gang missed this one, 1971-1987." Remember the building on Miracle Mile—I mean Oracle Road—that once housed the Saddle and Sirloin, and now contains the Dream Street Topless Bar? Where Tito Guizar once strummed and sang, and where we now have booby rock? Where there was progress during the Murphy years it should be appropriately memorialized. How about a coat of arms

with a gas nozzle, a chainsaw and a nudie cutie on a guayabera pocket? Who says this guy won't be a tough act to follow?

What's a redneck to do on election day? Here on one side we've got a Sam Hughes UA professor Volvo lib-

from the local media, who will have divided their time about equally between editorializing against the high cost of campaigning and raising their own advertising rates while they give the candidates the usual cursory and shallow coverage. "Hard news" in this



eral, and on the other a stone-faced lifer bureaucrat police officer. Similar problems in the three council races. The six candidates range from a couple of people who would actually make pretty good office holders down to a guy whose IQ is somewhere between room temperature and a box of rocks. The voters probably will be able to sort this out with peripheral help

town is covering the rock and mineral show.

In a place overrun with political and journalistic turkeys it is ironic that the local menus are incredibly shy of one of my favorite real foods. It's almost as hard to find a good hot turkey sandwich in Tucson as it is to find a city councilman who'll vote against increasing his perks.

As a kid growing up in first Boston and later LA, my favorite dinner out meal was a hot turkey sandwich. The old-fashioned kind with a layer of stuffing between slices of white bread and white turkey meat, mashed potatoes, cranberry sauce, maybe a side of green veggies, and a large glob of gravy slopped over just about everything. Had a lot to do with why I was a fat little kid. A real meal, usually found next to "hot beef" or "hot pork" on the menu.

After a diligent search, I haven't found one in Tucson to measure up to what I recall was commonplace twenty or thirty years ago. Is America losing its roots? Are Diet Pepsi and wimps like Michael J. Fox replacing real chow and John Wayne? Will the commies have us by the end of the century?

Not quite. We're still hanging tough at the Round-Up and Johnie's. Not surprising that good hot turkey sandwiches show up in the same places as great chicken-fried steak. Coincidentally, both are the only twenty-four-hour, seven-day, non-franchise restaurants in town besides truck stops. Remember that the next time the poker game breaks up at 4 a.m.

Edge to Johnie's for using real off-the-turkey meat as opposed to deli breast at the Round-Up, but edge to the latter for a better gravy. Both fall short of greatness because they lack that all-important ingredient, stuffing. Johnie's, 4040 E. 22nd St., \$3.50. Round-Up, 1725 E. Benson Highway, \$3.25. Honorable Mention to Country House, 902 E. Broadway, at \$3.75. Real

TURKEYS page 27

TUCSON'S BEST BIRD IS FROM VIETNAM

That may be the ultimate compliment; the Chinese—who are the world's ultimate chauvinists—almost never eat any "foreign" cuisine. But there are reasons to prefer Vietnamese to Chinese cooking. Stir-frying, the most common technique in Chinese kitchens, is less important in Vietnam, and when it is used, it is with less oil and no cornstarch. Simmered dishes are more common. Uncooked vegetables (such as cucumber, lettuce and bean sprouts), are rare on Chinese tables but often served with Vietnamese meals. They're usually mixed at the table with a cooked dish, such as chicken with lemon grass. Light textures and fresh, snappy flavors abound. Think of it this way: Vietnamese is to Chinese as *nouvelle* is to classical French cuisine—except there's no snob factor in the prices.

Three Sisters serves a smashing dish translated as char-broiled beef with noodles for \$3.50. Thin slices of beef with a dark, charred crust are

poiled over a bowl of rice noodles, julienned carrots, sprouts, crumbled peanuts and cucumber slivers. The sweetness of the noodles and carrots forms a snappy counterpoint to the smoky beef. Halfway through, somewhere near the bottom of the noodle pile, you encounter a leaf or two of fresh mint. This is another of the pleasures of Vietnamese food—a nugget of new flavor frequently slips into the mix, like a check in the mail from a forgotten uncle, cheering the palate with an unexpected sensation.

The best thing anybody in Tucson does to a chicken also happens at Three Sisters: Five Spices Roast Chicken. The bird is first marinated in a broth incorporating star seed, orange peel, anise seed, pepper and ginger—the five spices—then slowly roasted for four hours. Sounds like the Gallic influence, but then I've never had any French poultry in which such a rich and complex flavor permeated the whole bird.

At New Saigon, the spring rolls alone are worth a visit. Traditional Vietnamese spring rolls are encased in rice paper and fried, but co-owners Bob and Tinh Sequeira have found them problematic for the American palate: "The rice paper tends to stick to the roof of your mouth." New Saigon's version is made more like a Chinese egg roll, with a thin egg batter skin, and stuffed with ground pork, carrot and onion. Miraculously, they emerge virtually greaseless, fresh-tasting and crisp, with a slightly sweet filling. Incidentally, Tinh—another refugee who fled her country in 1974—points out that the rolls are supposed to be wrapped in the lettuce they're served on, then dipped in the omnipresent *nuoc cham* (a clear sauce made with *nuoc mam*, vinegar, garlic and red pepper) on the table.

This is the other barrier standing between Vietnamese cuisine and a wholehearted welcome for it in Western society: We gringos frequently

don't know what to do with the unfamiliar food we're being served, and the restaurateurs frequently don't clue us. For example, New Saigon's pork noodle soup arrives at the table tasting like someone had bumped over the barrel of fish sauce. As an afterthought, Tinh asks if I'd like a salad platter. It turns out to be a small hill of garnishes—cilantro, bean sprouts, fresh jalapeño and lime—and what you're supposed to do is dump the whole salad into the soup. Suddenly the anchovy brine becomes the servant of this symphony of textures and flavors, and it all tastes wonderful. Ask for *dia rau song* if the garnish isn't volunteered.

Great stuff, but it's catching on slowly. And Tinh Sequeira can't depend on Tucson's Vietnamese community, some 3,000 strong, to keep New Saigon full. "They only go out once a week, usually Saturday or Sunday," she laments. "Vietnamese people not big spenders."

Eat

BAKERIES

monds and brickle toffee) and a slew of chocolate chip cookies chock full of nuts. If you're into counting chips, you'll be pleased that they've shot clear through the teens—there are about twenty in each cookie—\$5.99 per pound, or approximately fifty cents a cookie, and they're always running specials (e.g., buy six, get one free). Blue Chip decorative tins are extra. All cookies are baked daily. If and when they don't sell out, the leftovers are given to orphanages. For holiday orders, call early a.m. the day before. Two locations: Tucson Mall, regular mall hours, 293-1848; 751 N. Park, 9 a.m.-9 p.m. Mon.-Sat. Closed Sunday. 792-BLUE.

Nadine's Pastry Shoppe

Long ago, this place was a dilapidated gas station, but it's been around in its present incarnation for about ten years. It started as an Italian bakery and gradually became a touch more Jewish. Now owner Len Parker has remodeled and expanded, and the building resembles a large house with angled appendages jutting in all directions. Sort of weird-looking. The Eastern European recipes were handed down by gypsies and peasants who knew how to make ambrosial desserts with a minimal amount of ingredients. Try the rugelach—don't question the Yiddish spelling; it changes from home to home. It's a flaky cream cheese dough spread out and rolled up with cinnamon and pecans, and it turns out the size of a small cookie. They're crunchy but soft and you won't eat just one (\$5.50 per pound). Or the babka, a heavy but moist coffee cake glutted with gobs of chocolate, nuts and an almond filling that runs through it like a river (\$3.75-4.25). Their best bread is the Friday Sabbath Special, the Challah, a rich egg bread that the AMA will doubtless outlaw. It contains at least one dozen yolks, is drenched in an egg bath and dusted with poppy or sesame seeds (\$1.50). If you wouldn't know a Jewish pastry even if it hit you in the face, try this place: you'll return. Special holiday orders vary on advance time, so call first. Mon., 7:30 a.m.-2 p.m.; Tues.-Fri., 7:30 a.m.-6 p.m.; Sat., 7:30 a.m.-5 p.m. Closed Sunday. 4300 E. Pima. 326-0735.

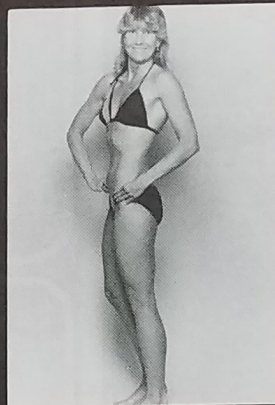
Katherine & Company Patisserie

Haute cuisine of the dessert world. Visually arresting confitures spin in clear glass housings, just begging to be eaten. Aside from the usual cookies, Danish, petit-fours, fruit cups, tarts and tortes, this is for the serious chocoholic gourmand. K&C's chocolate mousses (a hefty variety) have yet to be rivaled in town; so rich it's difficult to get through one of these slices of heaven in one sitting. At the inner circle is the Chocolate Galore, a triple confection: one layer each of Belgian white chocolate, bittersweet dark chocolate and milk chocolate with four layers of moist chocolate sponge to separate them. The entire cake is dipped in ganache, a garden variety of imported chocolate, to hold the moistness together. They've got masterful mousse, but be prepared to dent your wallet. Slices are \$4 and whole cakes cost between \$38-\$50 (serving twelve people if they overindulge, more if they're prudent). You won't find a stick of margarine in the place. Holiday orders call three days in advance. Mon.-Sat., 7 a.m.-6 p.m. Closed Sunday. 6350 E. Tanque Verde (behind the restaurant). 298-8017.

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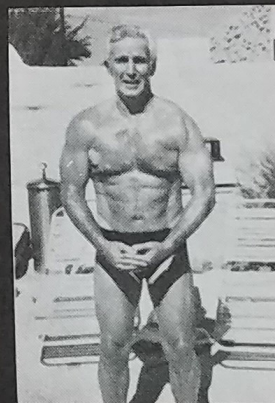
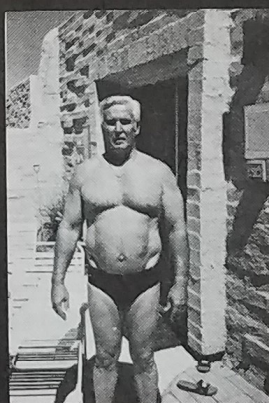
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Winterhaven Bakery

There's a sweet new mom 'n' pop operation on the block, and it's only been open since Valentine's Day, 1987. Mary Ann & Jack Guttuso left Jamaica, Queens, behind—a place where bakeries are as popular as neighborhood taverns—and came panning for new customers in the Southwest. The result is Winterhaven Bakery, a serious urban bake shop. Jammed from rack-to-rack are homemade danish, donuts, marble cookies, angel wings (crunchy bows of flaky dough sprinkled with confectioner's sugar), custard made from scratch and stuffed into chocolate eclairs, Napoleans, fudge brownies with whipped frosting, butter cookies, fancy cakes and more. They seem to have everything. Interested in something different? Try the semolina bread, a fine-textured loaf of the same flour used to make spaghetti (\$1.09); black and white cookies, a yellow soft sponge cookie with vanilla and chocolate frosting equally divided on top (thirty-five cents); or homentashen, semi-sweet dough shaped like a triangle with either apricot, prune, or poppy fruit tucked in the middle—a Jewish specialty. Their tropical fruit pie is filled with custard (made from scratch) and topped with seasonal fruits for \$7.50. They have over nine different breads and the best Jewish rye in town: crisp crust and a soft texture with or without caraway seeds (\$1.09). They specialize in wedding and birthday cakes and are experienced artists both inside and outside of their confections. For holiday orders, times vary. Mon.-Sat., 7 a.m.-7 p.m. Sun., 7 a.m.-3 p.m. 3146 E. Ft. Lowell. 327-2177.

The French Loaf

You don't have to jet-set to Paris for French bread. Even the most addicted baguette junkie can have his urges fixed in our own foothills. Owner Eliane Lind scientifically produces crusty brown loaves that won't break your teeth, but are crisp on the outside and yielding on the inside. They come in all different forms: French sourdough, long, short and fat loaves baked in steam-injected ovens. There was a time when her experiments fell flat, but her trial-and-error days are long gone and the stuff is mouth-watering. They also specialize in croissants—flaky dough thick with butter that come plain or gorged with chocolate, raspberries, cream cheese, almond or hazel nuts. Advance notice for holiday order depends on size. 4776 E. Sunrise Dr. Mon.-Sat., 7:30 a.m.-6 p.m. Sun., 8 a.m.-noon. 577-2103.

St. Mary's Hot Tamale Factory

Slow down, you've already

passed it—yes, that joint with the faded sign. There's no number on the building, but you'll find it. A tiny room for take-out orders is attached to the kitchen of the house. The prices are dirt-cheap and they make—daily and by hand, of course—possibly the best paper-thin tortillas in town. Next time people ask you the difference between Tucson and Phoenix, take 'em here. 10 a.m.-6 p.m. daily, closed Sun. 1014 W. St. Mary's Rd. Unfortunately, there is no phone.

Ronquillo's

The Ronquillos have been waking early and baking Mexican pastries since 1941. Baker Richard Ronquillo is the fourth generation of his family to take up the calling, while his wife runs the store these days. The best treats in the store are the empanadas. Those with the apple filling are spiced with cinnamon and cloves and enclosed in a flaky crust, similar to a turnover. The pumpkin and pineapple empanadas are similar except the dough is thicker. They all sell for thirty-five cents each. No preservatives; the emphasis is on natural ingredients. Give at least a day's notice for holiday orders. 395 W. 33rd St. Mon.-Sat., 7 a.m.-7 p.m. Sat. & Sun., 7 a.m.-1 p.m. 624-9725.

Monika's Home Bakery

If you've sworn off refined sugar and flour, this is the place to indulge in exclusively natural sweets. Marjorie and Bob Rowe have been operating this place for three years, and their specialty is breads, pies and muffins (seventy-five percent of the sweetening is honey; refined sugar is used only for decorative purposes). Try their stuffed bread, filled with marinara sauce, ricotta cheese, and fresh mushrooms (\$3.50). Or their chunky muffins, made with honey and wheat flour, in several varieties: oatmeal raisin, bran, a combo of both or blueberry for 75 cents each. Even their cookies, oatmeal granola, chocolate walnut and chocolate chip, are made with honey and whole wheat flour. For the extra picky, their sourdough breads meet the standards of the Pritikin diet—no yeast, sweetener or oil added. You have no excuse for not lowering your cholesterol now. But if that doesn't interest you, their Challah is made with honey and the leftovers make great French Toast. At holiday season they make fruit pies with a whole wheat crust. If you've gone on a health binge but aren't willing to give up eating what tastes forbidden, put this place on your holiday shopping list. 2750 N. Campbell. Hours, Tues.-Fri., 6:30 a.m.-6 p.m. Sat., 6:30 a.m.-3 p.m. Sun. & Mon. closed. Holiday orders, twenty-four hours in advance. 327-3564.

Eat

The Arroyo Restaurant

Marjorie and Herman Erbst have run this venerable Tucson institution since 1969. You might never see Marjorie; she's the one sweating in the kitchen baking pies in the pilgrim tradition—from scratch. That's the reason to make sure you get your hands on one of these babies. She creates at least thirty-three flavors, with fresh or frozen fruits, and her crusts use only pure vegetable shortening and unbleached flour. The berry pies should be given only to someone you sincerely like—boysenberry, gooseberry, raspberry, strawberry-rhubarb. You don't stumble over these on every corner. Other favorites include pecan, peanut butter chocolate, lemon meringue and peach. If you have something else in mind, ask Marjorie. She's always backlogged with holiday orders so call one or two days in advance. Price range is \$4.95-\$7.25. Mon.-Fri., 6 a.m.-8 p.m. Closed weekends. 4900 E. Speedway. 325-1212.

La Baguette Parisienne

The loaves of French and Italian bread are piled up in stacks and bins in this place, a haven for eastsiders. Frances and Mario Marini, French Canadians, opened the store three years ago and have Italian and French bread pegged. They come in all shapes and sizes, even bite-sized rolls. Loaves cost fifty cents to \$1.50. A great place for your morning breakfast run. While you're here, try one of their croissants. Calorically obscene amounts of butter create a serious flaky crust, and they're stuffed with fruit—strawberry, blueberry, cheese and cherry for 65 cents. Plain croissants are sixty cents. Advance notice for holidays orders vary. 7851 E. Broadway. Tues.-Fri., 8 a.m.-5 p.m. Sat., 8 a.m.-2 p.m. Sun. & Mon., 8 a.m.-1 p.m. They will be open longer during the holiday season. 296-1711.

Ilsa's Konditorei and Cafe

Tantalizing sweet aromas waft through the courtyard of the upscale Plaza Palamino, drift through noses and become neural impulses causing feet to file into this shop specializing in authentic German tortes and fine pastries. They've got the richest butter cookies in town; they melt in your mouth and ease down your throat (\$10 a pound). Ilsa Bechert opened her konditorei two years ago, and it's now a hotbed of activity, bustling with eager white-aproned employees serving people indulging in a sweet spending spree. Ilsa is known for her tortes—layered sections of moist cake alternating with thick buttercream fillings in different flavors. They list over thirty flavors (\$17-\$33 for a whole cake—feeds twelve to eighteen). Get risky and order a punsch torte—thick layers of chocolate cake swirled with white cake, soaked in rum and smothered in a pink strawberry glaze. Or the popular international Sacher torte, a Viennese confection with layers of chocolate cake and chocolate creams. The Viennese apple-raisin strudel sits in hand-stretched and paper-thin dough (\$2 a slice or \$20 for the entire thing). If you're adventurous, try the two versions of Boehmesh pastry (Czech-Austrian-Hungarian), hazel nut or poppy seed, a strudel stuffed in a heavy buttered yeast dough (\$5.25 for a twelve-inch strudel). A sweet shrine to the fatherland. Advance notice for holiday orders vary. 2960 N. Swan Rd., #136. Mon.-Sat., 9:30 a.m.-6 p.m. Visa, MC accepted. 795-8050. □

—Laura Greenberg



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Eat NU REVUES

Mama Louisa's 2960 N. Campbell

Mama Louisa Casadei, who started her "La Cantina Restaurant" on South Craycroft out near the air base way back in 1956, would be amazed to see how her name-sake operation has grown (she sold it to Joe Elefante and his son in 1973, and passed on a few years ago). This summer Mama Louisa's opened its long-awaited second location at Campbell Plaza, so addicts of Mama's pasta who live on the near North Side don't have to drive so far east for a fix. Having taken over the old Ruben's Plankhouse site next door to Coco's, Mama's has lightened and brightened it with a new wall of picture windows, a cheerful food market and Italian flag-waving colors of red, green and white. The place is bustling, friendly and noisy—just like an Italian kitchen should be. The center of it all is a brightly lit room in which the pasta chefs, complete with starched white hats, are showcased making spaghetti and ravioli from scratch and kneading pizza dough by hand.

My dining companion has been eating Mama Louisa's pizza since he moved to Tucson as a kid in 1959, and he continues to rave about it. When pressed to say why—the crust? the sauce?—he's at a loss for specifics, but twenty-eight years of satisfaction make for a pretty good recommendation nonetheless. I've also become a creature of habit at Mama Louisa's, and I always order Joe's Special—thin spaghetti topped with melted white cheese, thick tomato sauce, chopped garlic and hot pepper seeds. With a salad, it's \$6.50 and very good. But the other night I made a vow to try something new—a combination of manicotti and cannelloni—and I wasn't sorry. Compared to the firm, assembly-line manicotti tubes

we've all had from the supermarket, homemade manicotti is a pleasant surprise—soft and drapy, like a crepe, it doesn't overwhelm the creamy ricotta filling. The menu also features chicken, veal and seafood dishes, but I can't vouch for any of these. My friend recently had the veal parmagiana and it was, frankly, quite tough—but owner Joe Elefante Jr., alerted by our waitress as the full plate returned to the kitchen, came to our table with an extremely gracious and unsolicited apology, took the item off the bill and promised that the veal normally is tender enough to cut with a fork. After twenty-eight years, we believe him.

The new Mama's has a popular "pasta bar" at lunch, where you can load up on carbs and sauces of your choice for \$5.50—just suck in your spare tire and pretend it's a salad bar. Wanna eat at home or feed a crowd, but don't have time to cook? All pastas and sauces are available for take-out (just heat and serve) through the Italian market, as are an array of meats, cheeses and desserts. Restaurant open Mon.-Sat., 11-11; Sundays, noon-11. All major credit cards; wheelchair access; full bar; 795-1779—Hungry Heart.

Brunch at Jerome's 6958 E. Tanque Verde

There aren't many good reasons to emigrate to Russia, but if you're looking, here's one: they don't do brunch.

Brunch is among the more decadent inventions of us capitalist eggs, ranking with the hot tub, *USA Today* and the Cadillac Seville. First, brunch implies sloth: sustenance for a people too indolent to rise for an honest breakfast on Sunday, and who have to fold two meals into one sitting. Second, brunch is

a drowning in cholesterol: a generation of heart surgeons will buy Seattles on the revenue generated by brunchers. Third, the menus are boring.

So let's not think of the New Orleans Sunday Brunch at Jerome's as brunch. Let's donate owner/chef Jerry Soldevere a new word: N'Orlunch. This buffet, accompanied by recorded jazz, is too good to groan under the baggage of a clichéd and dreary name.

For \$12.95, N'Orlunch diners get a glass of champagne, two forays into the buffet, and dessert. The first trip into the buffet scoops up an assortment of salads and cold appetizers. There's the usual build-it-yourself green salad, along with fresh fruit, spiral pasta with shrimp, and New Orleans specialties such as an excellent red potato salad with the skins left on, and *mache choux*, a mélange of sausage, tomato, corn, purple onion and cayenne seasoning.

The second foray scores three or four hot entrées and as many vegetables. Soldevere changes the spread every week; the only constant is that most of it breathes fire. A recent Sunday found shrimp Creole, eggs Benedict, Cajun-fried chicken and lamb stew. Best was the shrimp Creole, bathed in a sauce that managed to be delicate and inflammatory at once. Only the lamb stew was oddly bland and disappointing.

For those who can't stomach brunch without eggs, Soldevere himself mans the line to cook omelets. You choose the ingredients—crab, ham, mushrooms, cheese, etc.—and he cooks it to order, flipping it in the pan without using a second hand. Do not attempt this maneuver at home. Don't ask me how I know.

Sunday brunch 11 a.m.—2 p.m. All major credit

cards, wheelchair access.
721-0311—El Paso.

Gordo's Mexicateria 6940 E. Broadway

Just a few minutes away from the California Trendy Tanque Verde-Wilmot strip, Al Valenzuela has brought Sonora to the East Side, but with a basic American twist: the cafeteria line. I think I know why he calls it Gordo's. With all-you-can-eat at lunch for \$3.69 and dinner for \$4.29—brimming bins of tamales, enchiladas, rolled roast beef tacos, red and green chile con carne, beans, rice, guacamole, etc.—well, we'd all have to buy bigger belts if we ate there too often. And that's before mentioning the infamous \$3.69 chimichangas, which one must order separately through an intercom. They're on sale weekdays before 4 p.m. and Monday through Thursday nights for \$2.29. Another lunch deal, incidentally, is \$2.19 for two tacos or two enchiladas (or one of each), beans, rice and a soft drink.

Okay, this is a cafeteria, and the charms are fast service and good price for decent food. A family place, with special kid's prices. But we're talking beyond El Taco or even El Furr's. Because once you leave the tray line, you're sitting in a real restaurant with rough plaster, beamed ceilings, leather chairs, framed art and Mexican music. You can order direct from the waitress, too. In the lobby, a small bar serves up margaritas and piña colodas for a buck, and there are wine coolers, American and Mexican beer on ice in the serving line.

Gordo's also caters and, with two hours notice, packs mini chimis to go, for \$3 to \$4 a dozen, depending on the filling. Open Monday-Saturday, 11 a.m.-9 p.m., Sundays until 8. Checks accepted with guarantee card. 886-5386—Cholesterol Kid.

LISTINGS

Acropolis Gyro 4811 E. Sunrise

This tiny restaurant tucked away in The Marketplace at Swan and Sunrise can satisfy your cravings and impress you with the sheer size of the portions it serves. The souvlaki seemed pricey at first (\$4.75) until I was handed

this huge plate heaped with cottage fries, lettuce, tomato, and other crunchies. Then came the sandwich, made with perfectly grilled (medium rare) marinated tenderloin skewered with onions and green peppers, all nestled in fresh and chewy pita bread. The Greek salad looked like it

might take a week to eat. Don't be nuts enough to order the baklava: it's as big as piece of pie. If you desire a real dinner, these are available too, with Greek Chicken, Pastichio and Moussaka (average price, \$7.25) among the entrees. Lunch and dinner served daily from 10 a.m.-10

p.m. Credit cards accepted. Wheelchair access. 577-8299. —Petunia Pig.

Bentley's House of Coffee and Tea 810 E. University

Great place to study punks, hippies, young Republicans, you know, the human race.

Always busy, this small coffee house has a Mother Earth feel, serving healthy food (spinach pie, cheese puffs, stuffed croissants, daily specials and enormous salads). Hearty food for the belly and soul and everything is reasonably priced. They have outstanding desserts that change daily from marshmallow brownies to rugalouch to eight-layer Kahlua chocolate cake. Coffee by the pound to go. Live music, mostly folk. Average meal \$3.50. 7 a.m.-1 a.m. weekdays, 3 a.m. weekends. 795-0338. —Country.

Bob Dobbs Bar and Grill 2501 E. 6th St.

This place is not just a bar for rugby and lacrosse players. If you're in the mood for burgers with actual spices in the meat, this is the place—they serve some of the best in town. The onion rings will grease your stomach for days but it's worth raising your cholesterol count. Of course they also serve French fries and pitchers of beer. We are talking serious American

chow and if you've only stopped by here for booze, next time eat. Circular full bar. Moderate prices. Wheelchair Access. Daily 11 a.m.-1 p.m. 325-3767. —Country.

Cactus Rose Doubletree Hotel

Flavors of the Southwest are sprinkled through executive chef Todd Proctor's wholesome and adventurous menu. You might start with grilled corn pancakes garnished with shredded duck, avocado and tomatillo relish; then refresh your eyes with a trip to the salad bar, where shiny spinach leaves provide a crisp green base for an unusual variety of natural foods and homemade dressings. There is a generous supply of homemade seven-grain bread, all warm and soft on the inside but satisfyingly crusty outside. No, we agreed solemnly, we couldn't possibly manage dessert. But this chocoholic would not resist the Arizona pecan and chocolate tart with whipped cream. Diet resumes on Monday. Open for break-

fast, lunch and dinner daily. Non-smoking section; major credit cards. —Limey

Cafe Magritte 254 E. Congress

The ultimate surrealist lunch. We walked in and immediately noticed a chartreuse apple stuck in the brick wall. Formerly the original Dinnerware, the place has been transformed into an upscale eatery with plants in corners, wood floors, brick walls, large glass windows that serve up generous portions of sunlight. The menu is sparse but everything on it is a light, delicious combination of flavors. We sampled the vegetarian cheesecake, served hot, a platter of shaved ham and smoked gouda cheese, and a fruit and cheese plate with strawberries, sliced apples and smoked gouda and brie. Everything came with French bread and salads heavy on color, served with a curried mustard dressing, slightly sweet and delicious. We indulged in dessert, lemon cheesecake (slightly dry), and

TURKEYS

off-the-turkey meat, but gravy blander than both of the winners. What makes it worth mention is the side veggie, a combo of kidney and green beans with pimentos in a neatly seasoned sauce. Another Honorable Mention to Chuck Wagon, 1201 N. Stone. No hot turkey, but a great hot beef for \$4.25 with the best brown gravy for miles around. Why don't these folks do a chicken-fried steak?

Both Jan Vasilius and Larry Kramp report a great hot turkey sandwich, with stuffing, as a special at Gus Balon's Restaurant, 6027 E. 22nd, but it's never been up on any day I've been there. I would say that the food and the prices at Gus's probably have a lot to do with why the parking lot is always loaded at lunch time. Lots of pickups and occasionally an Audi, but don't let the crowds stop you. It's worth the wait. I suspect the hot turkey would equal the rest of their stuff, but I can only give you a second-hand report. Jan has a Ph.D. and does Junior League, so she's not real credible, but Larry is a working stiff and is totally reliable. Give it a hit.

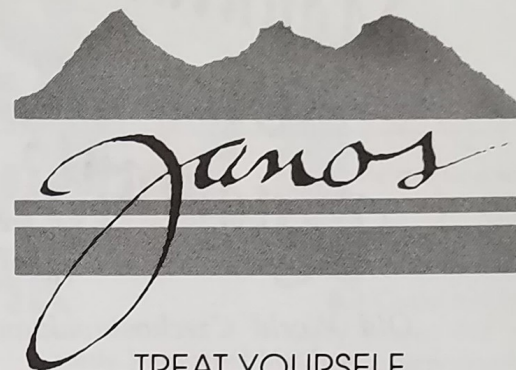
There are several other places that serve a mediocre-to-poor hot turkey sandwich, but damned if I'm going to warn you off. I don't want to run into a guy with a meat cleaver who looks

like John Belushi. Bad-mouthing polls and reporters is no big deal because they're basically gutless nerds. Greeks who run restaurants are a different breed and take this sort of thing real serious.

CHILI-DOG UPDATE

Looks like the spot we were looking for is Pat's, at the now-defunct corner of Broadway and Meyer somewhere underneath the glob that is now La Placita, etc. Informants: Bill Risner remembers that one of his first clients was a drunk busted at the place for passing out between the stools. Howard Schiff concurs on the name and general location. Tony Cisneros, who runs the Pima County Plumbing Shop and who's been wandering around downtown since statehood, backs them both up. While a lawyer and a real estate broker are not real reliable witnesses, I'll go with the plumber. Now who can tell us what relationship Pat's has to the current institution over on North Grande? □

Franzi has some vague responsibilities within the Pima County bureaucracy, when not writing about politics and red-necks.



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something called chocolate overload which was just that (great). Revolving art shows. Wheelchair access. Non-smoking section. Visa and MC. Lunch and dinner hours. 884-8004. —Country.

Cafe Terra Cotta

4310 N. Campbell
From the folks at Gourmet To Go, this is Southwestern nouvelle cuisine, upscale dishes with desert flavors and secrets known only to Chef Donna Nordin. Pizzas from a wood-burning oven that are mouth-watering. The meatloaf is bathed in chile sauce, the chicken breast with roasted garlic and goat cheese sauce sounds odder than it tastes, and even the steak sandwich has its own pesto. All excellent. The desserts will put you into insulin shock. A beautiful place to power-lunch, carefully designed in muted earth colors. This place is not just the latest rage; it's great food. Average meal \$9. Full Bar. Non-smoking section. MC, Visa, AE. Mon.-Thurs., 11 a.m.-10 p.m. Fri.-Sat., 11 a.m.-11 p.m. Sun., 4-9 p.m. 577-8100. —Country.

China's Finest

3607 N. Campbell
The shopping center is quickly becoming the place to open small restaurants that support volumes of people eating on the run. This place is no exception, with its generous portions of generic Chinese cuisine served in a pleasant, no-frills atmosphere. A basic lunch buffet is served daily for heavy eaters (main dish, spring rolls and rice), or you can order from a menu that runs from appetizers (foil wrapped chicken, pu-pu platters) to house specialties (Hundred Homing Birds) or get-back-to-basics mo shu pork and garlic chicken. The menu is ample, service attentive and reasonably fast. Lunch and dinner. VC, MC. Wheelchair access. 326-5174. —Country.

Croissant Corner

15 E. Congress
If you work downtown, you've probably been to this old storefront converted to a hurry-up eatery. If you haven't, it's a fun place to eat if you don't mind having your name screamed out when your order is ready. The croissants are big, buttery and flaky and they're stuffed with a variety of deli combinations,

ham, cheeses and turkey. They also serve a variety of stuffed baked potatoes, hearty salads and specials. Dessert croissants come in chocolate chip, fruit combinations and regular chocolate. Excellent rugaleh (fine pastry dough rolled in powdered sugar and stuffed with nuts and cinnamon). Not a real comfortable place, but the solid wood tables and chairs let you know you're here for a meal and not to hang out. Inexpensive. Wheelchair access. Cash or check only. Breakfast and lunch hours. 882-4461. —Country.

Mi Casa

6335 E. Tanque Verde
Blue corn tortillas, which are to northern New Mexico what green corn tamales are to Southern Arizona, finally have arrived here—but rather than in the humble cafe style we prefer, these have been yuppified a la Santa Fe. That's okay, though; the food here is wonderful, ranging from Mexican to fresh fish and seafood, all of it presented as an art form. An appetizer of Coho salmon in puff pastry was very fine; a salad of papaya and endive was even better. Our steak tacos came with a side dish of corn, nondescript until we tasted it and found it to be scraped from a fresh, sweet cob. Moist swordfish was draped in tequila butter and flanked by crispy, tiny vegetables, arranged in a different design on each diner's plate. Can be quite expensive; most entrees in the \$8 to \$15 range. Open for lunch and dinner, except Mondays. 885-5310—Hungry Heart.

Michi's Express

806 East University
At long last, Tucson's Emperor and Empress of Sushi, Eugene and Michi Sanchez, have brought the uncooked fish to midtown. All the expected sacraments await the faithful at Michi's: maguro, hamachi, hirame, saba, tako, ebi, awabi. In addition to sushi and sashimi, Michi's Express serves the usual favorites in the Sanchez tradition of fine preparation: tempura treatments of shrimp, zucchini, sweet potato, onion and broccoli, crisp and greaseless, fresh and crunchy. There's teriyaki, sweet and smoky barbecued eel, gyoza, yaki tori, miso,

sunomono—all the ingredients to send the sushi cult into a euphoric state. A full meal involving portions of nearly everything mentioned ran three people \$32 including tip. MC, Visa, no checks. 884-9090—Hog.

Nate's

4700 E. Broadway
If you like N.Y. style deli, you'll find Nate's to be a very reasonable facsimile thereof. The corned beef and pastrami sandwiches, the soul of all self-respecting N.Y. delis, are hot and hefty. Pickles and sauerkraut greeted me as I began my nostalgic gastronomical trip. There are forty sandwiches, so choosing is almost impossible. I wanted to order one of each. Soups, salads, salamis and shrimp (we're not talking kosher here) are available. The fries are fine, but the cole slaw was too sweet for my taste. A few caraway seeds would help. The dessert case starts with cheesecake and runs to raspberry truffle, chocolate mousse, etc.—a caloric excess to suit every taste. Limited access. Moderate prices, meats, smoked fish and cheese available for take-out. Visa and MC. Open daily, 7 a.m.-9 p.m. and 'til 11 p.m. on Fri. and Sat. 881-1101. —Back East.

Silver Saddle Steak House

I-10 and Sixth Avenue
Good meat, mesquite smoke, and a freeway location on the South Side. The salad bar is fine, the steaks, ribs and chicken grilled over coals before your eyes. And for once the rolls taste like something besides Wonderbread. For fish eaters, various surf and turf combos available. The bar was apparently put together by a wood grouper—slabs of mesquite milled in Sonora interlaced with strips of bubinga (an African hardwood). Tables lean toward willow with dabs of purple-heart, another Dark Continent favorite. The service is pleasant, the meat tasty and tender (steaks and prime rib \$9.95 to \$16.95), the chicken right at the top of the chart and the ribs worth the bother of getting your hands greasy. A nice crowd of people and bleary-eyed warriors who have pulled off the Interstate. Lunch weekdays, dinner daily. MC, Visa, AE. Full bar. 622-6253. —Desert Rat.

NOTES

Two influential Phoenixians, Republican Burton Barr and Democrat Alfredo Gutierrez, quietly stole south a few weeks ago with a grim warning for Tucson. "The engine of growth in Southern Arizona" is under serious assault by the Mecham administration, they told a private, bipartisan gathering hosted at the Doubletree by Gary Munsinger. They were talking about the University of Arizona.

Barr and Gutierrez were the two strongmen in the Arizona Legislature for more than a decade, until both moved on last year—Barr to a shocking defeat by Evan Mecham in the Republican gubernatorial primary, Gutierrez to voluntary pursuit of a political consulting career. But when it seemed clear that their departures and Mecham's ascension had left a leadership vacuum in the Capitol, Barr and Gutierrez teamed up behind the scenes to galvanize Phoenix and Tucson business leaders into battle against Gov. Mecham's proposed slashes in the university budgets. They managed to put some of the money back, but the war continues—and now the Gutierrez/Barr Show has taken to the road again.

The problem, as they reminded Tucson cigars (reportedly including Buck O'Reilly, Don Pitt, Warren Rustand, Tom Chandler, Larry Hecker, Jim McNulty and Betsy Bolding), is twofold. The Mecham crowd adamantly opposes "complex financing" mechanisms such as lease-purchase and capital bonding authority for

MECHAM'S BITE WORSE THAN HIS BARK

Red alert for the UA

buildings at the UA. At the same time, the new campus at ASU West—necessary, Gutierrez says, to handle the population boom in Maricopa County—is "a huge black hole sucking from the existing budget" for maintenance and operations at the UA and ASU.

"We can't come back in three or four years" at the end of a full Mecham term and play catch-up, Gutierrez and Barr warned the group,

achievement, Gutierrez suggested. "However, we will quickly fall to 150th if we don't invest, and if we lose whatever edge for new technologies we have here. And that will have an immediate effect on the economy of Southern Arizona."

Barr (whose current pursuits include some "consulting work" for the city of Phoenix and its mayor) and Gutierrez are trying to prod everybody from the business community to

ers of the meeting said Barr indicated he still is not at all interested in running against his old foe if there is a recall election next year.

But Gutierrez, former Senate minority leader, did offer the Tucson leaders a demographic analysis of recent voter registration trends designed to convince them that "Republicans who have been reluctant to go against their own governor, because of some partisan risk, can comfortably support the UA. The numbers show there is tremendous disaffection among the voters with this administration and governor. And this [university] issue is such that both parties can work on it together"—just as Barr and Gutierrez are.

The current voter registration picture in Pima County threatens "a pox on both our [party] houses," the two said at the meeting. "Independent" is the fastest growing voter group in the county, with an estimated seventeen or eighteen percent. The recall movement, Gutierrez said, is attracting people disillusioned with both parties.

In Tucson legislative districts nine and ten, this trend could eat up the Republicans' edge prior to the 1988 election, he noted. "On the other hand, the advantage is not moving to the Democrats. There are voters leaving both parties, so we're both at risk," Gutierrez added, concluding, "our goal is to get people interested in the [university] issue, not the party politics, because we're very worried about those institutions." □

—Norma Coile

"We can't come back in three or four years" at the end of a full Mecham term and play catch-up

because other U.S. universities will have surged ahead in the meantime. "The University of Texas at Austin, the University of California system—they're making major investments to keep on top of the technological curve. Cal is talking about a research-only campus. And we're arguing about whether we can use bonding," said a disgusted Gutierrez.

Although Arizona has barely more than one percent of the nation's population, it has managed to maintain a university in Tucson that is twenty-second in the country in attracting research—a phenomenal

labor to students to lobby their legislators for complex financing and reasonable university budgets. When the Legislature convenes again in January, it may be too rattled by the recall and the uncertainties of the 1988 election year to tackle major issues, they added. "Our warning is that we can't afford to go another year without lease-purchase [authority] and [budget support for] research attraction."

The two former legislators, a formidable pair of odd political bedfellows, did not, however, go so far as to urge recalling Mecham. And observ-

THE INDEX

Iggy's view of the underbelly of life

- Number of times Michael Dukakis has cried in public since announcing his candidacy: 2
- Number of states that have voted Republican in every presidential election since 1968: 23
- Number that have voted Democratic in every election since 1968: 0
- Percentage of black Republicans who are under 30: 49
- Amount that Gary Hart's list of 1984 campaign contributors brought at auction in August: \$6,500.
- Names in Ronald Reagan's contributor file in 1980: 200,000
- Names in Pat Robertson's contributor file today: 2,500,000
- Minutes Jerry Falwell spent soliciting contributions during the average *Old Time Gospel Hour* in July: 26
- Additional hours Americans will spend on paperwork in 1987 as a

- result of the 1986 Tax Reform Act: 105,000,000
- Federal and state laws declared unconstitutional by the Warren Court: 171
- By the Burger Court: 319
- Percentage of Americans who believe that "some civil liberties must be suspended in the war on AIDS": 42
- Percentage of Americans who know CPR: 51
- Who know how to jump-start a car: 70
- Percentage of the U.S. passenger-airline business controlled by the top eight companies in 1978: 81
- Percentage controlled by the top eight companies today: 91
- Average daily increase, since August 1982, in the market value of all publicly traded U.S. stocks: \$1,000,000,000
- Number of countries that have claimed to have discovered America: 11
- Chances that a resident of Santa Fe is a "healer" of some kind: 1 in 52
- Bibles and hymnbooks the Soviet Union has allowed the Russian Baptist Union to import this year: 20,000
- Number of commercial TV channels in Western Europe in 1975: 1
- Number today: 31
- Price per person for a nine-day package tour to Vietnam: \$3,000
- Price per person of a ten-day

"Baseball for Peace" tour to Nicaragua during its fall baseball season: \$1,150

- Number of the 254 newspaper reporters covering major league baseball teams who are black: 4
- Number of baseball gloves that can be made from the average cowhide: 2.5
- Percentage of professional football players who wear a cup during games: 52
- States that have not outlawed cockfighting: 5
- Percentage increase in fraternity membership on college campuses since 1975: 119
- In sorority membership: 25
- Percentage of women who wash their hands in a public restroom if someone else is present: 90
- Percentage who do so if they are alone: 16

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Dream Secretary?



NOTES

SAYING YES TO SOUTH TUCSON

Remembering grandfather and the good part of town

My grandfather mixed, molded and carefully stacked each adobe brick of his home on Columbia Street in the heart of South Tucson. He worked as a gardener, trimming, pruning and mowing the yards of wealthy Tucsonans in order to secure more money to finish his house. My mother and grandmother daily sprinkled the dirt floors with water to keep them moist and cool until cement was purchased.

Walking to work every day deepened the color of his already olive skin and made his light hazel eyes seem even lighter. He was a slight man of five feet, ten inches, and about 140 pounds. He stood straight and spoke a broken English that he had painstakingly learned in order to get menial jobs.

My people came here in 1923 when Manuel Lugo Reyes left Saric, Sonora, and brought six other families with him—my grandmother, her four sisters and two brothers, the Lujans. In part my grandfather fled Mexico because of his father's involvement in the Revolution.

This extended family bought a city block and divided it into individual lots. Each of the sisters and sisters-in-law had between two and ten children. They were poor and the families shared food and clothing.

My grandfather got lucky, finding a job with Rueben Gold's Furniture Store downtown. He was a delivery man and warehouseman. Working for a Jew required him to swallow some pride—as a devout Catholic he still held every Jew personally responsible for the crucifixion of Christ. But he

and Rueben became great friends. At Gold's my grandfather acquired the outfit he lived in day in and day out for the rest of his life.

His only son fought in the Korean War. My grandfather often would cry when he prayed. He and my grandmother met nightly with other families who had sons in the war to pray the Rosary. He lighted candles before a statue of St. Jude on his dresser. His son returned with a Purple Heart.

I was born in 1951, the first grandchild, and my grandfather called me Mihi, "little daughter" in Spanish. I remember summer nights on the front porch with him, a man with two years of formal education, explaining the constellations to my cousins and me. He told us of *La Llorona*, the woman who haunted the Santa Cruz river and wailed in her search for her children. He frightened us with reports of the Headless Ghost that roamed the Old Nogales Highway. But the best stories were of his father running guns during the Mexican Revolution. My grandfather, as a young boy, crossed the border at night to bring food and water to his father's band of revolutionaries.

By age ten, he was providing for his family. He doted on my grandmother, buying her a gas stove and automatic washer. He often helped hang the clothes.

Diabetes struck my grandfather during the '60s. No more beer—but Scotch was quickly stashed in secret corners of the house. Cataracts gave him problems, but thick glasses enabled him to read the newspaper daily from the front page to the last. It took



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him forever but no one dared interrupt him. He always lit a candle to St. Jude at the cathedral when his pension check came.

When I entered Salpointe High School, I became wrapped up in myself and hardly spent any time with him. I married and moved away in 1972. He died November 19, 1976, having lived long enough to cry at my wedding and see my first son born.

Sitting in my own den on my grandparents' furniture, I stare at my grandfather's favorite chair. I can almost see him tapping his hands on one of the arms of the chair, smoking his Camel cigarettes and flicking the ashes into the pedestal ashtray. Tapping the arm of his chair, I stop to caress it.

South Tucson is looked down upon by many. But not by someone who learned to love there.

—Anna Valencia Beamish

BEST SEATS IN THE HOUSE

UA coaches fess up

We've got three guys here who probably always wanted to tell where their special spot is located, but no one ever asked. These University of Arizona coaches now tell where they'd like to sit—if they could—to watch their own Wildcats play.

Dick Tomey, football: "If I want to see the game, I sit up high in the end zone. You get a better perspective from there and can see the holes opening up. But it's emotionless. Sort of like watching a stage play. For action, I like to sit right on the sideline, where you can hear the hitting, feel the emotion. The sideline is where you get the true feeling of a football game, but you can't see anything."

Jerry Kindall, baseball: "Oh goodness, it has to be behind the home team dugout, along the first base line. Nowhere else. Behind one dugout or the other is where any true baseball fan gravitates. You get to hear more of the inner scoop there—it's real interesting watching the guys come off the bat rack and hearing the interaction between the players and coaches. Sometimes there's more action in the Wildcat dugout than out on the field."

Lute Olson, basketball: "A lot of people like to sit at center court where you have a clear view of both ends, but you don't get involved in the action there. I, personally, prefer a seat right behind either basket. Just a few rows up in the stands. That's where you can really see the action on the backboards, almost smell the sweat. I like to watch the lanes fill and the fast break patterns developing."

—Janet Mitchell

LEAVING THE BEACH FOR THE BOOKS

At the mall the other day, I found myself wandering into one of those ubiquitous chain bookstores and staying just long enough to pick up another copy of *Dancing in the Movies* by Robert Boswell. "Oh, I've read this one," the saleswoman volunteered. "It's really powerful stuff."

"I know," I nodded.

Six years ago my friend Boswell—"Boz"—was about as far as he could be from the world of letters. He had a great party house right on the surf in

San Diego, he was driving a hot 240Z and he was making about thirty grand, by his mid-twenties, in a challenging job as a vocational rehab counselor for troubled adults. Every weekend he played host to his old pals from high school in Yuma and college in Tucson, and his hair got blonder and his lean body grew darker. In the summer he played beach volleyball and went to Padres games; in the winter he watched the great gray waves from his living room window, or

walked across the street to see the Mission Bay yachts outlined in Christmas lights. So why wasn't he as happy as everyone thought he should be?

He thought what he wanted was to be a writer. He vacillated, worried that this impulse "was somehow self-destructive"—and then willfully went out and got rid of his cherished Z-car, replacing it with a cheap clunker he hated. That was the first step toward liberation. Soon he moved back to Tucson, enrolled in the UA's Master of

CITY PORTRAIT

NAME:

Stan and Dawn Krzyzanowski

POSITION:

Owners, Krzyzanowski & Co., floral designers, interior plantscapers, creators of fantasies.

BORN:

Stan - Tucson native
Dawn - Minnesota

A FEW THINGS EACH BROUGHT TO THE MARRIAGE:

Dawn - Stan brought his rock collection... 20 years worth.
Stan - She had three cats.

BEFORE THE FLORAL BUSINESS:

Stan - Wanted to join the FBI.
Dawn - Was happy being a homemaker.

MOST UNUSUAL REASON FOR GIVING FLOWERS:

Dawn - Once delivered flowers to a horse, because it had just delivered a colt.

INTERESTS:

Stan - Paleontology, archeology. Recently spent time on an expedition in the Sierra Madres in Mexico.
Dawn - Homemaking, entertaining. Making her friends feel like they're appreciated.

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NOTES

Fine Arts program in creative writing and pursued his obsession without apology—and without the beach parties.

He started out as a poet, a very bad one in his own assessment, but soon switched to fiction and reveled in it. "I liked being among people with talent, all trying to do the same thing. I didn't think of myself as (and I honestly don't think I was) one of the best writers in the program at the time; I had a lot to learn. But having left my life in San Diego helped. It made me work hard every day—otherwise I would have felt like a complete idiot to have given up such a good job."

Though Boswell's standard of living plummed, he made enough money as a teaching assistant to cover the essentials: chimis at the Crossroads, Wildcat basketball at McKale and Friday night dancing to Los Lasers at the Country Club Lounge.

A couple of years later, MFA in hand, he was living out of a motel room in Show Low, teaching through the Arts in the Schools program, when he got a call telling him he had won the prestigious Award for Short Fiction from the Iowa School of Letters. Boswell figured it was one of his friends pulling a joke. But by the time he hung up he not only was convinced the award was his, his body already had reacted by acquiring an instant cold. "Whenever any of these good things happen to me, I get sick," he jokes. "I've always been better able to accept failure than success"—a theme that runs through his first novel, *Crooked Hearts*, in which his family of protagonists habitually throws parties to celebrate defeats, while ignoring triumphs.

Dancing in the Movies, the collection that won the Iowa award in 1985, was indeed a triumph for

Boswell. Its six short stories took readers from a look at two boys watching their older brother grapple with some mysterious truths of manhood, to three days in the life of a New York cop about to betray his wife, to a white college student's wrenching attempt to save his black girlfriend from drug addiction. Competition judge Tim O'Brien, himself a National Book Award winner, called the work "powerful, taut, stark, intense with human passion." By the time it was reprinted in paperback (Plume Contemporary Fiction, \$6.95), the *Village Voice* had added its praise: "Like a seemingly effortless dance...."

But the real breakthrough for Boswell had come earlier, with much less fanfare. Author Larry McMurtry (*Lonesome Dove*, *The Last Picture Show*), who was in Tucson to give a reading, had been asked to look over a few manuscripts from the university's writing program. He liked Boswell's *The Right Thing*, and recommended it to his agent, Dorothea Oppenheimer. Although Oppenheimer knew she had cancer, she took Boswell's fate into her hands with a passion and spent a year trying to place his short stories. During that period, she propped up her young writer's spirits by scribbling addenda on his rejection notices: "This editor has never known good fiction when he's seen it!" When she got his first story published, in *The Antioch Review*, her commission came to \$15.

Oppenheimer's reward came later, with the satisfaction of selling *Crooked Hearts* to Alfred A. Knopf (\$17.95 hardcover), and seeing an advance review in *Publisher's Weekly* calling it "a stunning novelistic debut." But although the New York publishing house moved up the date of publication to June 1987 at the request of the dying agent, Oppenheimer did

not live to see this last project of hers published. If she had, she also would have seen *The New Yorker* declare Boswell an "invaluable" addition to some heady company—"new American genre novelists" Anne Tyler, Bobbie Ann Mason and Ann Beattie.

In the face of all of this, including his sale of the novel's movie rights to the company that did "Birdy" and "The Breakfast Club," Boswell remains the same old Boz: the son of a school teacher, transplanted at an early age from Kentucky to Yuma, Arizona. Since his novel is set in that searing desert landscape, and chronicles a family the size of his own, the thirty-three-year-old Boswell constantly is asked just how autobiographical it is. The question irritates him. "There are only superficial similarities," he answers quickly. In fact, the book—written in eleven drafts over more than three years—takes twists in the second half that even he didn't expect.

Boswell spent last year teaching creative writing at Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois, where he is a tenure-track assistant professor of English. But he is back in Tucson for a year of writing leave, with his wife Antonya Nelson, also an award-winning fiction writer, and their baby daughter Jade, born five days after her dad's novel came out. "Tucson just feels like home," says Boswell, whose work in progress is about an American living in Central America. "I felt high for days after we got back. There is a strong community of writers here that's very nourishing." And, too, there are those, not so different than he was five years ago, who hope to be writers, and who now turn to him for advice and encouragement—the kind he was fortunate enough to find along the way.

—Norma Coile



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Our Town

A Portrait



*y*ou can remember the day you arrived, you still can't name the members of the city council. You are many different colors. You have been here all your life, you just unpacked your suitcase.

Those first few hours, the town looks harsh and dusty, a place built fast and loose. The sun seems too bright. But the mountains make you stay. You learn new words, can finally pronounce Ajo and ocotillo. You eat chili rellenos on South Fourth Avenue, walk Sabino Canyon at dawn, fall into a love/hate relationship with Speedway.

Always, you have lived here. You see photos of Manhattan and think someday you will split this tank town for the real world. You visit the new chic shops but still cling to old merchants on forgotten streets.

In the beginning, you need Mount Lemmon for the feel of a forest just like the one back home. You stumble onto the old adobes of the barrio, meet families five generations deep, tumble to thousands of years of human presence when your eyes meet an Indian's in the checkout line. You plan to stay just a few years.

You are at war with yourself. They call you Tucson. You cannot leave, a prisoner of desire.

The speed of change spooks you. There's a Circle K now where you once saw a coyote in the desert dusk. You hate the traffic of the rush hour. But when you go to the polls you can't seem to vote for a freeway.

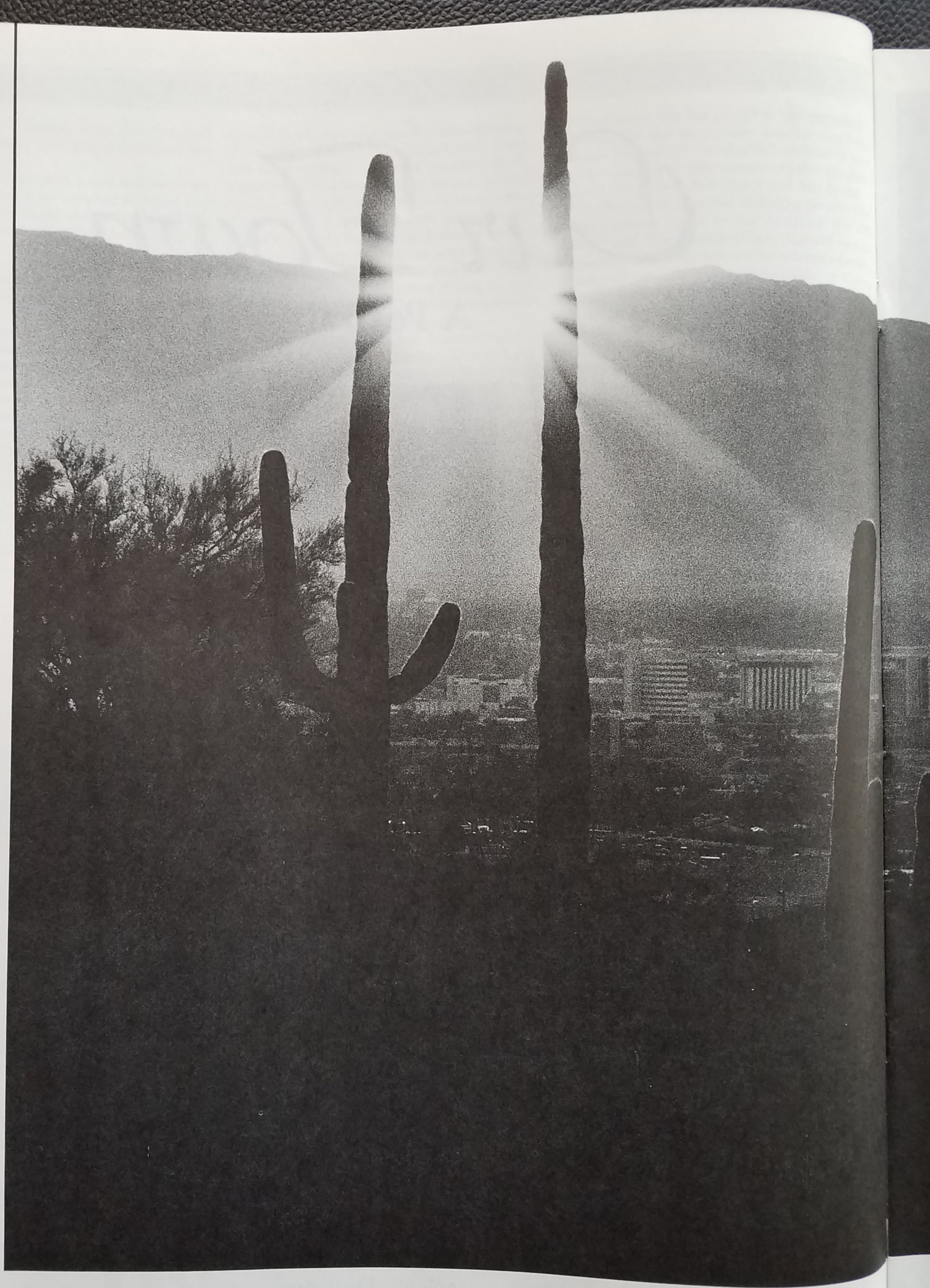
You grow used to hearing Spanish, someday you're determined to learn the language. The University makes you mad when it reaches into the neighborhood, you go to every game and cheer the Wildcats. You join a bunch of organizations, sign petitions in the parking lot of the supermarket. You look down at your paycheck and it is signed: the boom. You want this town to work because you know you are never going to leave.

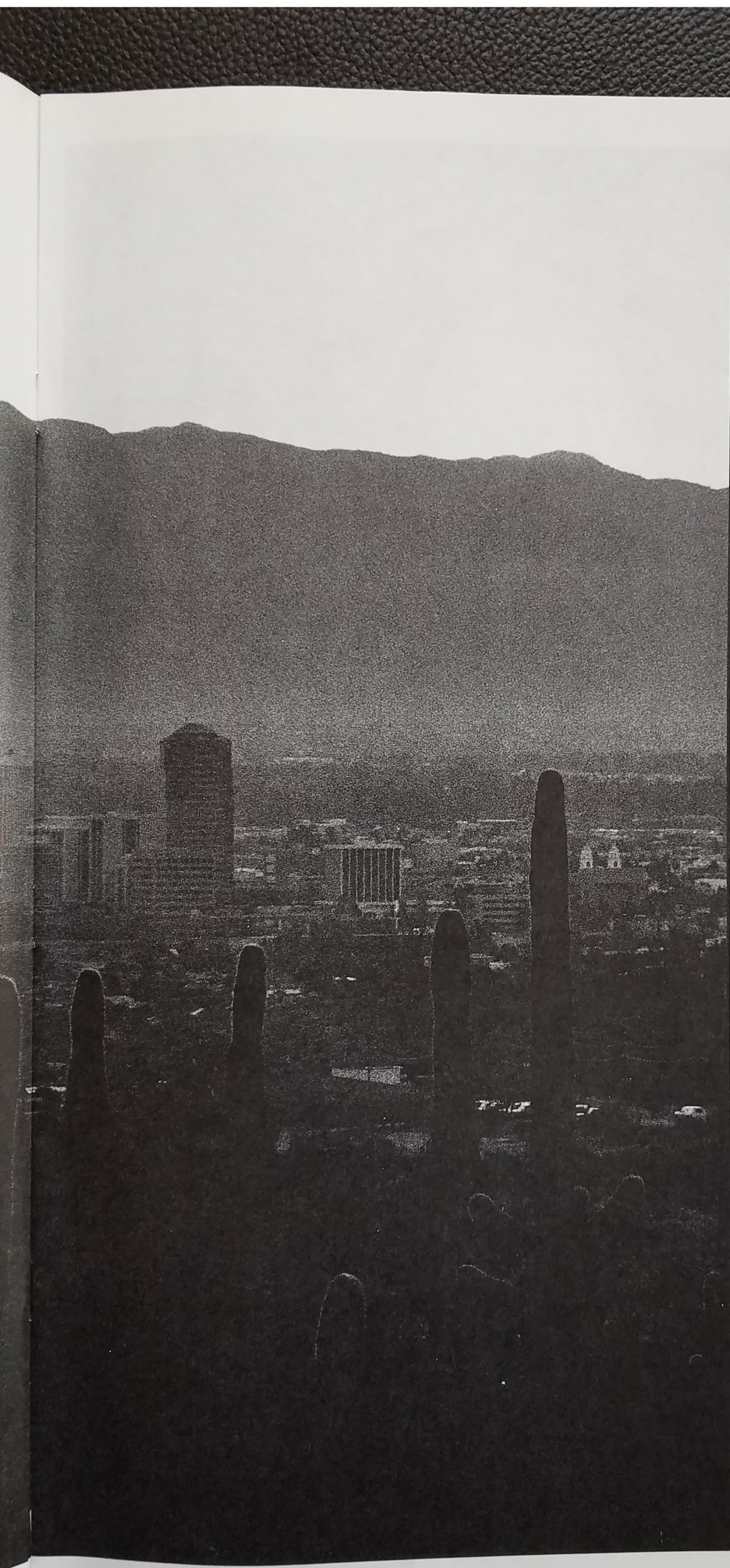
You are Tucson, the stranger in the Sunbelt, the boomtown with roots centuries deep, the city speaking two tongues. There are so many faces, so many colors. This is a real community. We will live, have children, we will die, but the town goes on. It simply demands our caring. And our remembering who we are so that we will pick the right fork in the road.

You have been here all your life, you just unpacked your suitcase. You can remember the day you arrived....

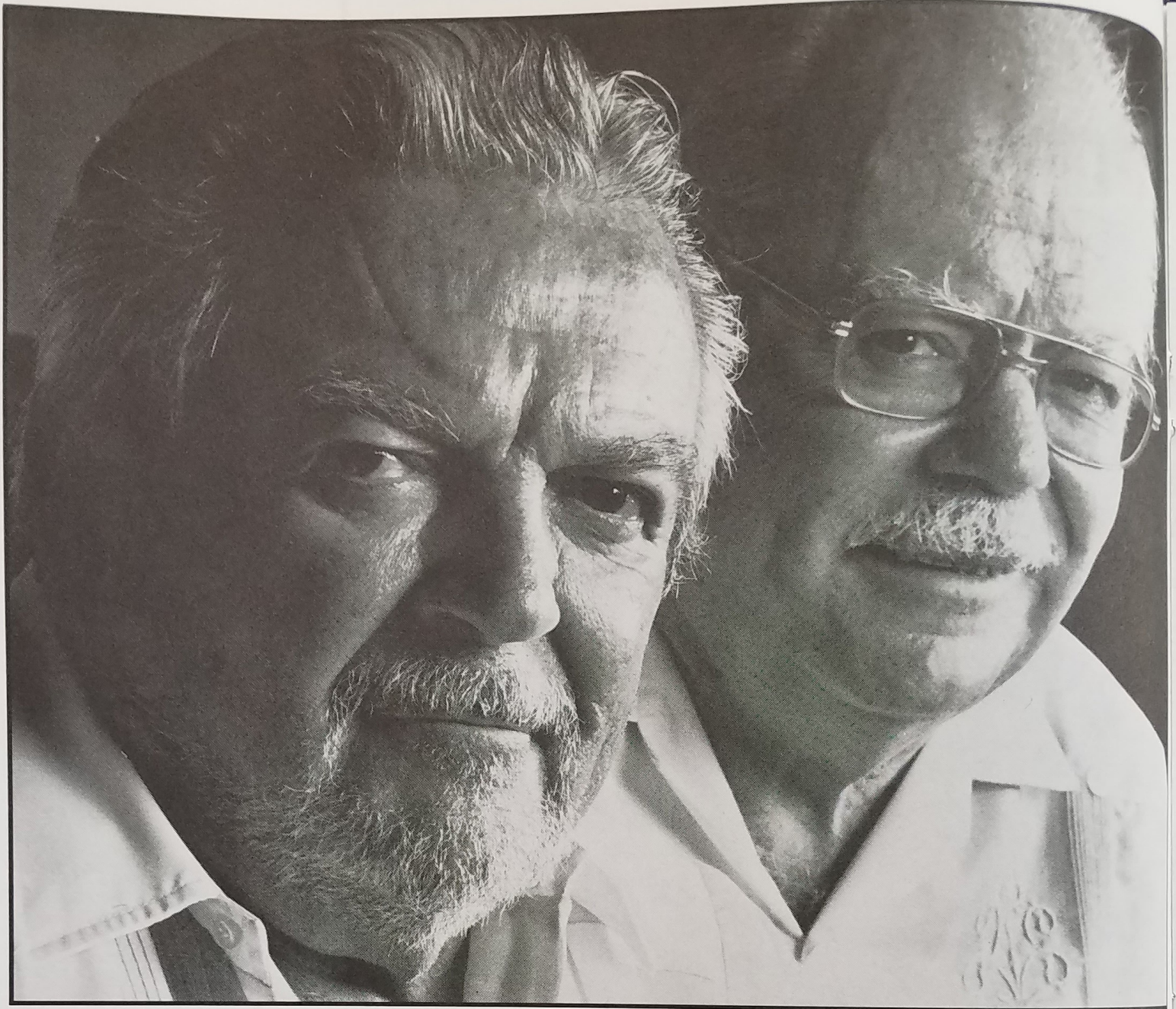
Time to stop, look at the people staring up from the page, and listen to the voices.

**Photographs by
Jack W. Dykinga**





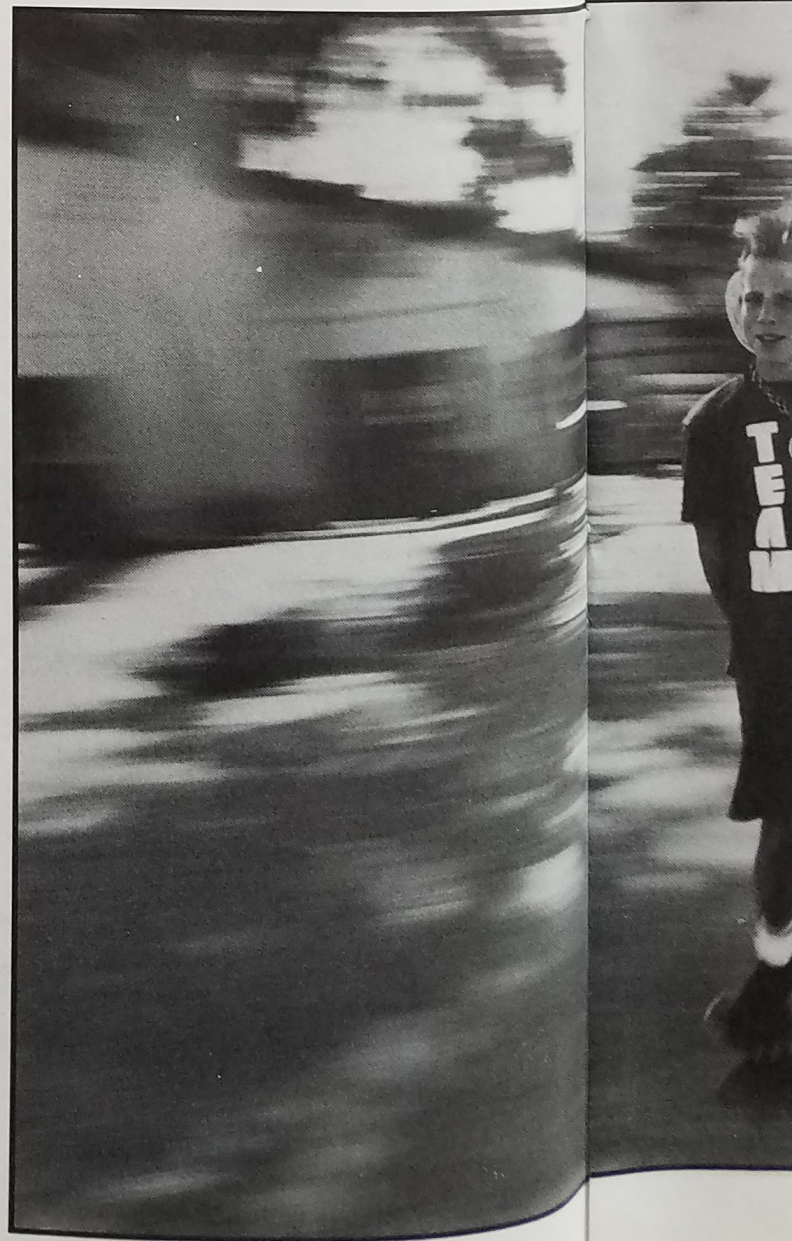
The saguaros won't tell their age and we guess at the decades and centuries. The creosote, the low bush squatting unnoticed until the rains slap its scent in our faces, can thrive for up to 11,000 years, the oldest living thing by far in our desert. We come here to build a city, a gleaming thing of glass and steel. The mountains do not even blink at our efforts. We are the newcomers inventing a future in a landscape of ancients. Sometimes we think of this fact, usually we ignore it. But every now and then we look into the dry ground or glance up at the mountains, and the collision of our ways and the old ways gives us pause. We are all actors in one of the world's most beautiful theaters. And we are making up the script as we go along.



Gilbert (left) and Edward Ronstadt

Gilbert

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Gilbert and Edward Ronstadt

Their father came up on a wagon from Mexico in 1882. He was fourteen years old and the next morning saw his first railroad train. By the late 1880s he had founded an orchestra and opened a blacksmith and hardware store. Gilbert Ronstadt, seventy-six, and his brother Ed, seventy-one, ran the family business until it closed in October, 1985 (the next generation almost immediately reopened a new hardware store on Speedway). Generations of Ronstadts have come up by working in the business. For more than a century Ronstadts have flowed through the history of this desert, with parts of the clan flourishing in both southern Arizona and Sonora. They were downtown Tucson, they were the music, they were the ranch culture, they were embedded in the *norteco* life of northern Sonora. Now Gilbert and Ed live on Prince Road on a desert parcel bought decades ago. There are at least a hundred Ronstadts in this city, and they sing, wear badges, fix our parks, you name it. The two brothers have seen the city of their boyhood demolished and a new metropolis rise up on its bones. How do they feel about this change? They both say, "Our taxes go up every year, but we'd rather live here than any other place."



Evan Gajda

Evan Gajda, sixteen, lives at Sunrise and Swan and goes to Amphi High School. For decades, the coast has washed over Tucson and tried to change it and Evan is part of this endless contest. He's been here a year ("Too long.") and misses the beaches he left behind in Southern California. He started skating in the eighth grade to keep in shape for surfing and he's busted both ankles. Downtown has the best cement he's found here and he practices a couple of hours a day. When he gets his diploma this spring, he's splitting for Malibu and the big waves. "I'm going to go to Southern California," he says, "and be a real estate agent so I don't waste my time in college and I'll still be able to surf and skate."

Ann Forshay

Ann Forshay, a fifty-six-year-old grandmother of three, is one of the faceless volunteers in a city where political battles never cease.

A Republican, she has knocked on thousands of doors, sometimes carrying as many as fifty petitions on her clipboard—for every office from constable to President. She does this in Tucson summers, despite having a throat partially paralyzed from polio that requires her to drink slowly and carefully. “The most frustrating thing in the world,” she says good-naturedly, “is wanting to gulp down a Coke after a morning of walking, and knowing you just can’t.”

She has licked envelopes; she has coordinated 40,000-piece political mailings. She quit the Wildcat booster club so she could funnel more of her own money to her favorite politicians. She collects toy elephants and elephant jewelry. She has been honored by the GOP for putting in 500 to 1,000 volunteer hours a year since moving to Tucson in 1979 with her IBM husband, and some of those years she has also held a full-time job. “My husband does the cooking,” she explains.

She carries in her wallet a picture of herself with Vice President George Bush. It’s autographed. “I have found my niche,” she beams.





Mary Ann Brazil

The town always seeks to have moments of the big city. Mary Ann Brazil, twenty-eight, is desk clerk and assistant manager of Hotel Congress. She is a constant fixture at the building's Club Congress, Tucson's version of an avant-garde hangout. The Club, she says, was the most fun for her during the six months she had white hair. As part of her job she comes up with the ideas for special frolics. Her best was the Night of the Lost Poets. A herd of them wandered around in black robes speaking in tongues. Now she babysits for spare change and studies Spanish so she can go south—"Tucson is just a launch pad." She has built a puppet theater and figures that's her ticket to success in Latin America. Brazil came here from Minneapolis three years ago. "I had a friend who was moving away from Tucson," she explains, "so I figured I'd come here and take the apartment." It sometimes happens that way.



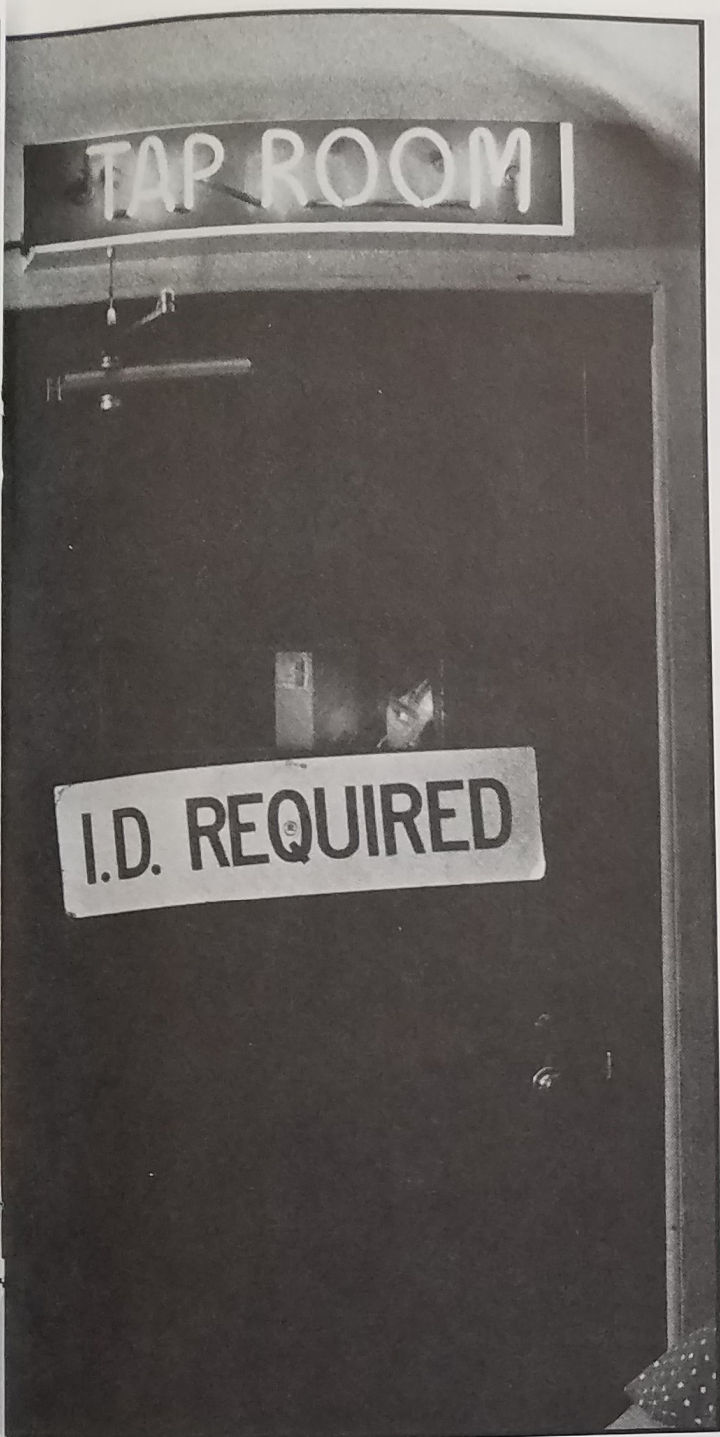
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John Lyons

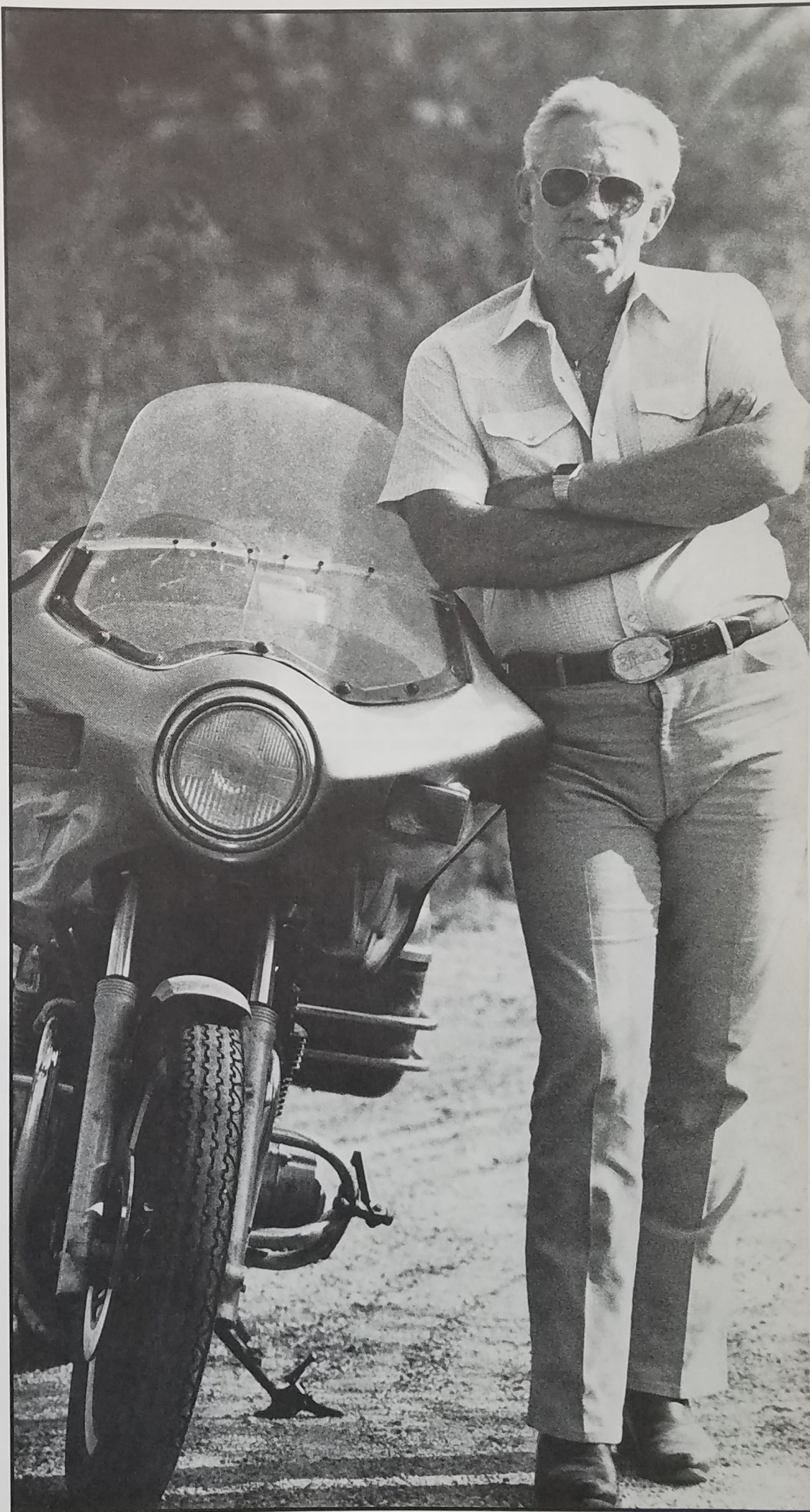
John Lyons, fifty-four, has lived in Tucson since 1956. He worked as a cop for both the city and county, retiring as a major in the Sheriff's Department in 1978. He is now a private investigator.

"When I came here from Chicago, I owned my business—I had a judo school in Oak Park and I worked for the CB&Q railroad as a switchman at night and I sold advertising during the day. I was just flat tired, I was worn out—what an intense life that was. I almost got killed one night standing on top of a boxcar riding the thing under a bridge. I decided to take a look at this whole thing and take a six-week vacation. I'd never been to the Southwest before, so I came here with a friend. I had a Cadillac convertible and a pocketful of money.

"We got to going to Nogales, to Canal Street, every night—we couldn't understand the Tucson bars closing at one o'clock, you know—and it was a great place. I had friends here. I stayed in a hotel and I just fell in love with the place. I think the reason was that it was so relaxing, people were so laid back. I'd be walking down the street with people and all of a sudden I'd be a block ahead, look back and they'd be gone—I mean they're back *there*. I had to learn to slow down to keep up with the other people.

"I was going to go through Texas and up to New York. But we never got out of here. We stayed six weeks in 1956. I came back at the end of the summer of 1956 and I've been here ever since.

"I've enjoyed it here; I wouldn't change it for anything. There is nothing I would do differently. Nothing."



Patricia Paylore

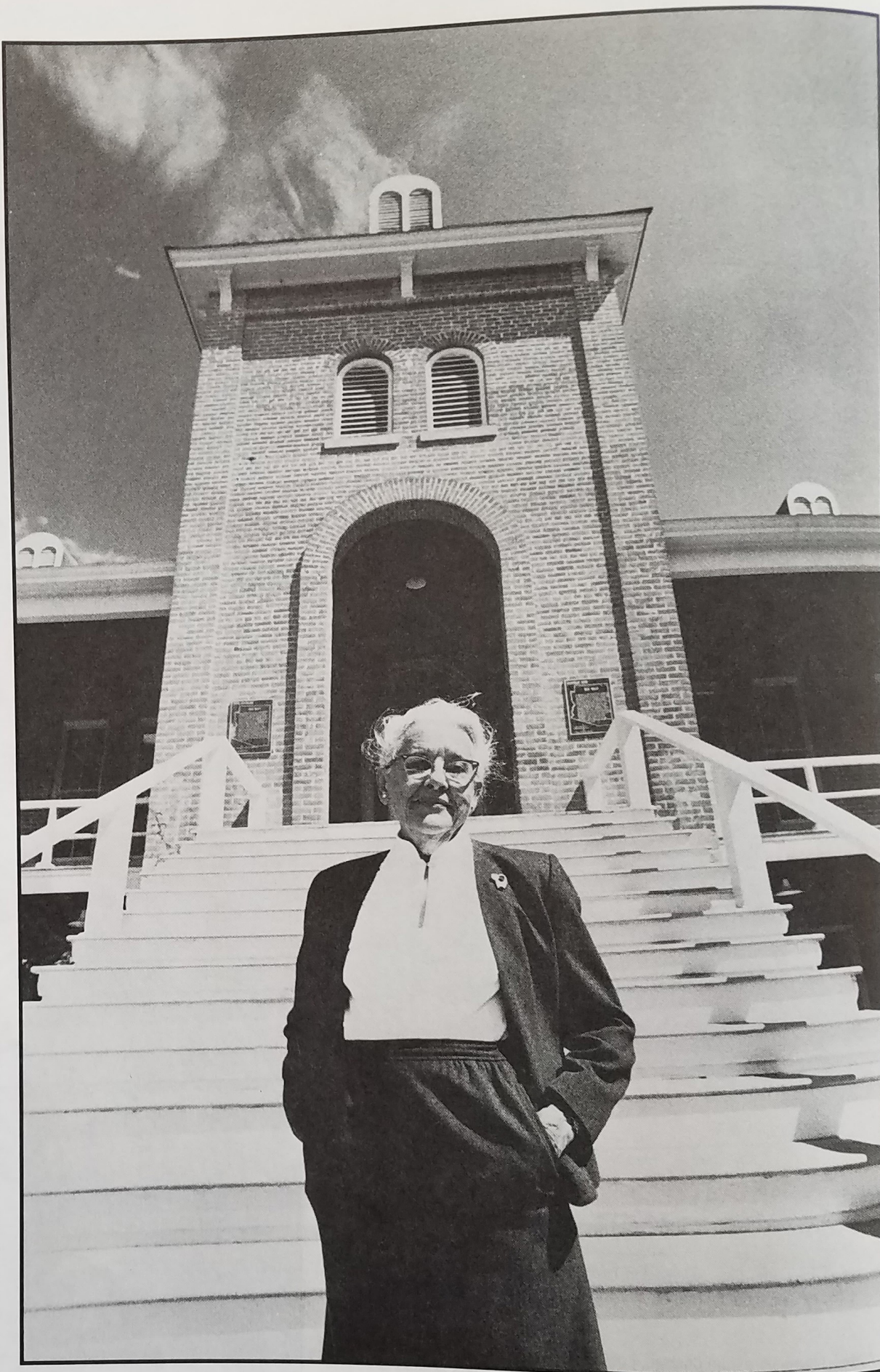
Patricia Paylore retired last year after fifty-six years at the University of Arizona. She was never in the headlines, but she exercised quiet power.

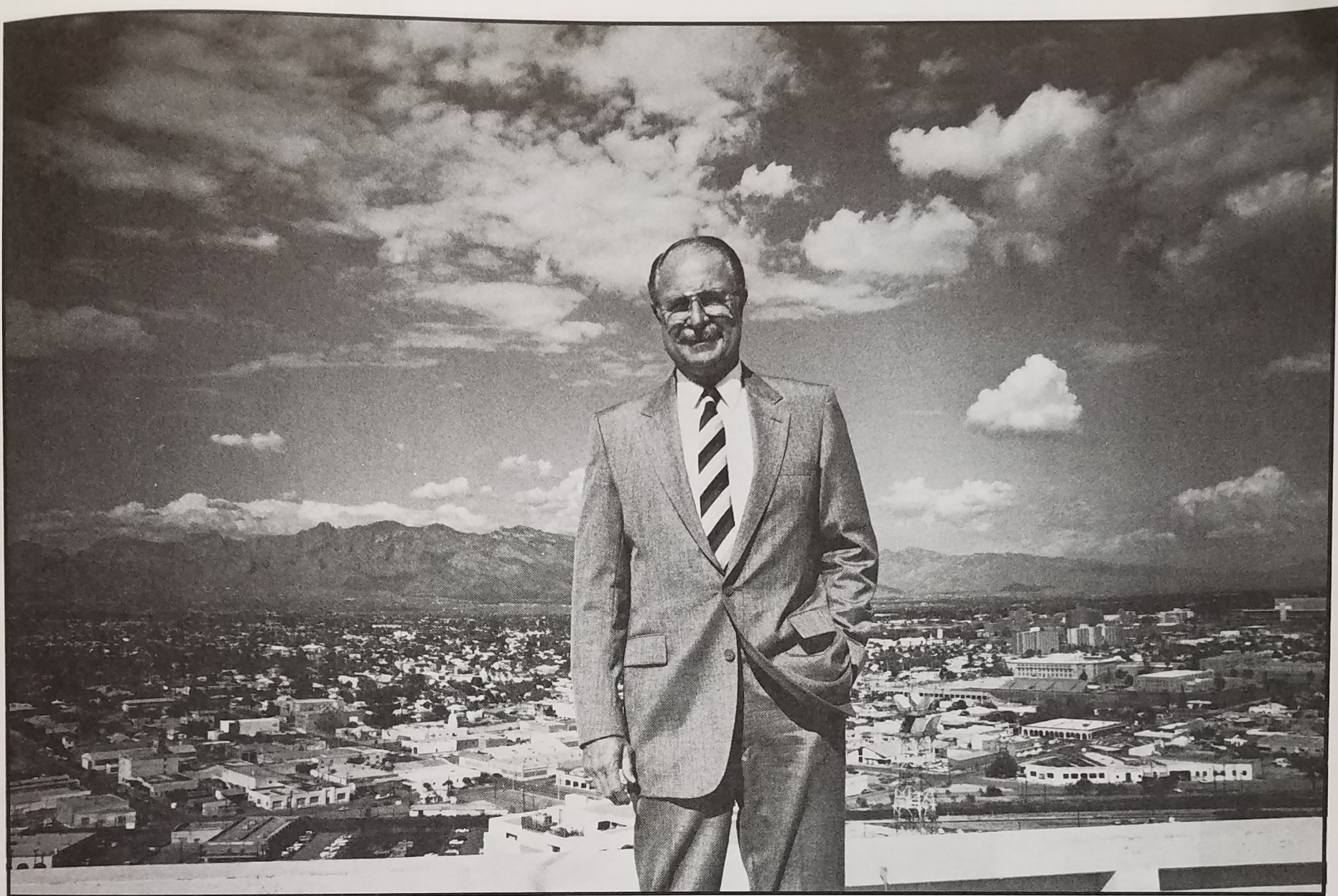
"We moved from New Mexico to Clarkdale, Arizona, in 1913. My father walked out on us, so my mother took in sewing and we rented rooms to men who worked in the smelter.

"When I graduated from Clarkdale High School, all twelve of us came down here. Mother set up a little sewing room in our house on 5th Street, and I did other work. I danced commercially—a wonderful Mexican boy, Tommy Benton, and I did the tango all over Pima County. I posed for art classes. Then I'd type term papers for students half the night. I made it through just in time for the Depression.

"I had a degree in English and a master's in philosophy, and I started work as a secretary in the university library. In 1931 anybody was glad to have any kind of a job. Little by little I worked my way up. I actually became acting librarian for three or four years on different occasions. After thirty-five years I started over in Arid Lands as a bibliographer, publishing the newsletter, on up to assistant director, then a couple of years as acting director. As they say, always a bridesmaid, never a bride.

"I love the university but I did see it change. As a freshman I came down here and went immediately into classes where we were taught by some great names, full professors with national reputations. They loved us, and they took care of us. Today the emphasis is on research, and it's built up to the point where it's disgraceful. I worry when I read about the freshman being taught by TAs who don't know what they're doing. It's great to have six Nobel laureates on campus, but what are *they* doing? Sitting up there in the Gould-Simpson building with posh offices and secretarial help. Teaching? What's that?"



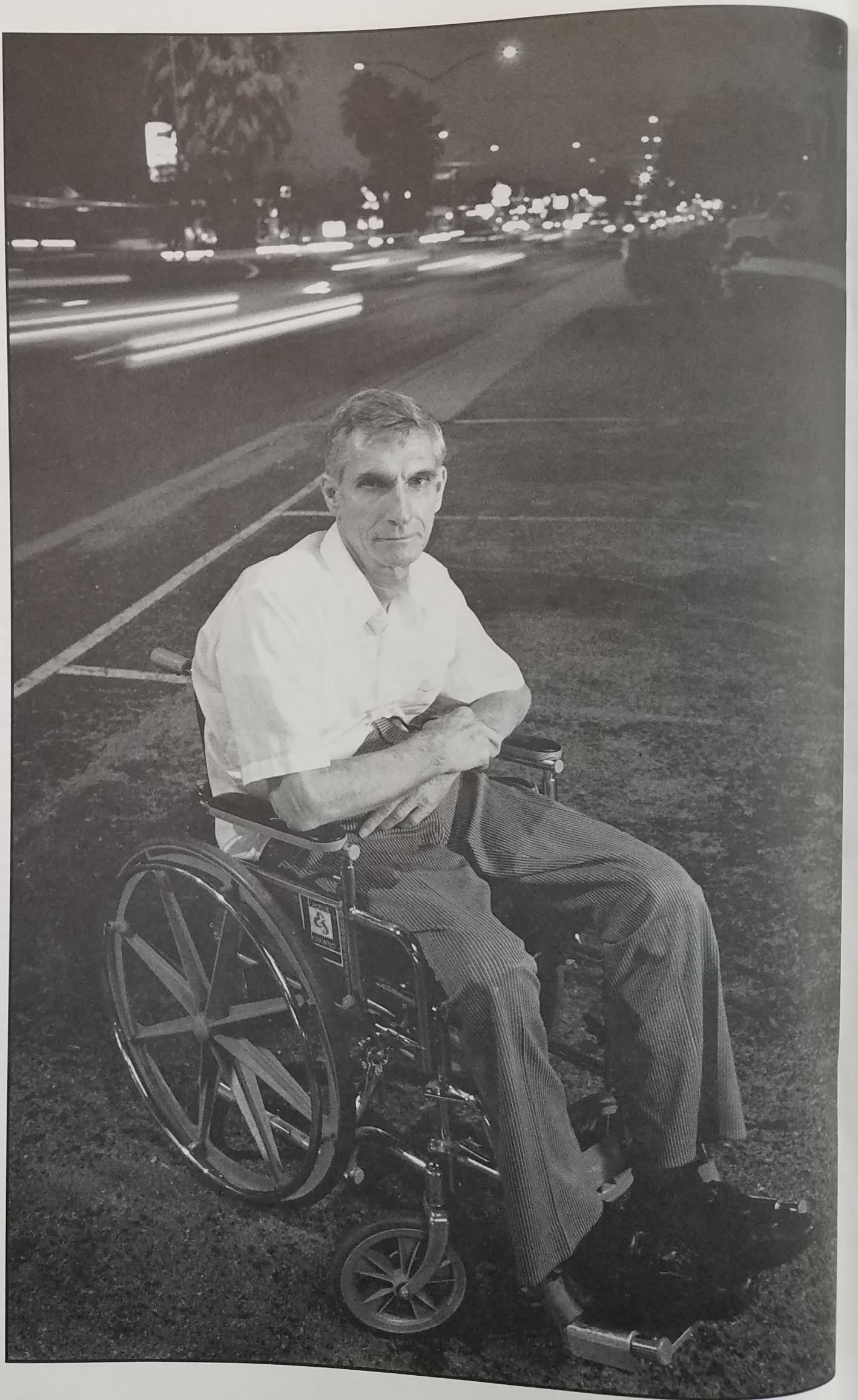


Jim Neihart

In the Korean War Jim Neihart was a twenty-one-year-old Air Force crew member on SA-16 amphibians pulling downed American fighter pilots out of the Sea of Japan. Today, those SA-16s are rusting at the Davis-Monthan graveyard, while Neihart peers out over the city from the Arizona Bank tower, presiding over \$700 million in Southern Arizona assets.

Neihart, now fifty-five and an executive vice president for The Arizona Bank, likes his view. He sees jobs, tourists pouring in a billion dollars a year, retirees with big bank accounts, solid defense and high-tech industries. Fifteen years ago, a shutdown at Hughes could have shut down the town, he observes; now we've easily absorbed the copper collapse and setbacks at Gates.

He is the Establishment—Tucson 30, Chamber of Commerce's Man of the Year, Conquistadors, El Jefe of the Caballeros, on the boards of arts, medical and social service organizations—and he quotes Gov. Mecham on the need to build roads before we become a parking lot like Phoenix. Roads, in fact, are what drove him to the Arizona Bank in 1958 in Flagstaff, hometown of his wife, Josephine Mayorga. He ditched a career at Bank of America in LA because he was spending up to six hours a day commuting.



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Ed Eggers

Speedway never sleeps, the rush hour morning and evening, the cruising into the dark hours. It is the red hot wire that runs through the life of this city. Back in the fifties, Ed Eggers, sixty-three, was doctoring a cow on his farm in Ohio. He put his hand down the animal's throat, scratched himself, required rabies shots and has been in a wheelchair ever since. He came here for the weather and opened the Book Mark on Speedway in 1958—"I've always been a reader." Now he toils six days a week in probably the most extensive bookstore in the Southwest—100,000 titles, 300,000 books. Fifteen people work for him, and he hardly has time to read (he sneaks in a few pages at the breakfast table and at dinner). He's thought of moving off Speedway but never gotten around to it. That's where the people are. And the books.

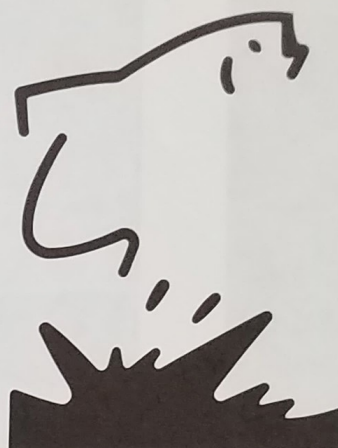
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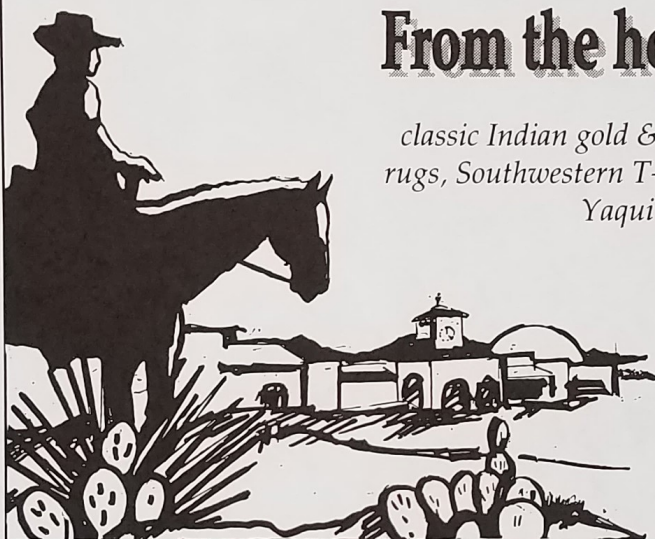
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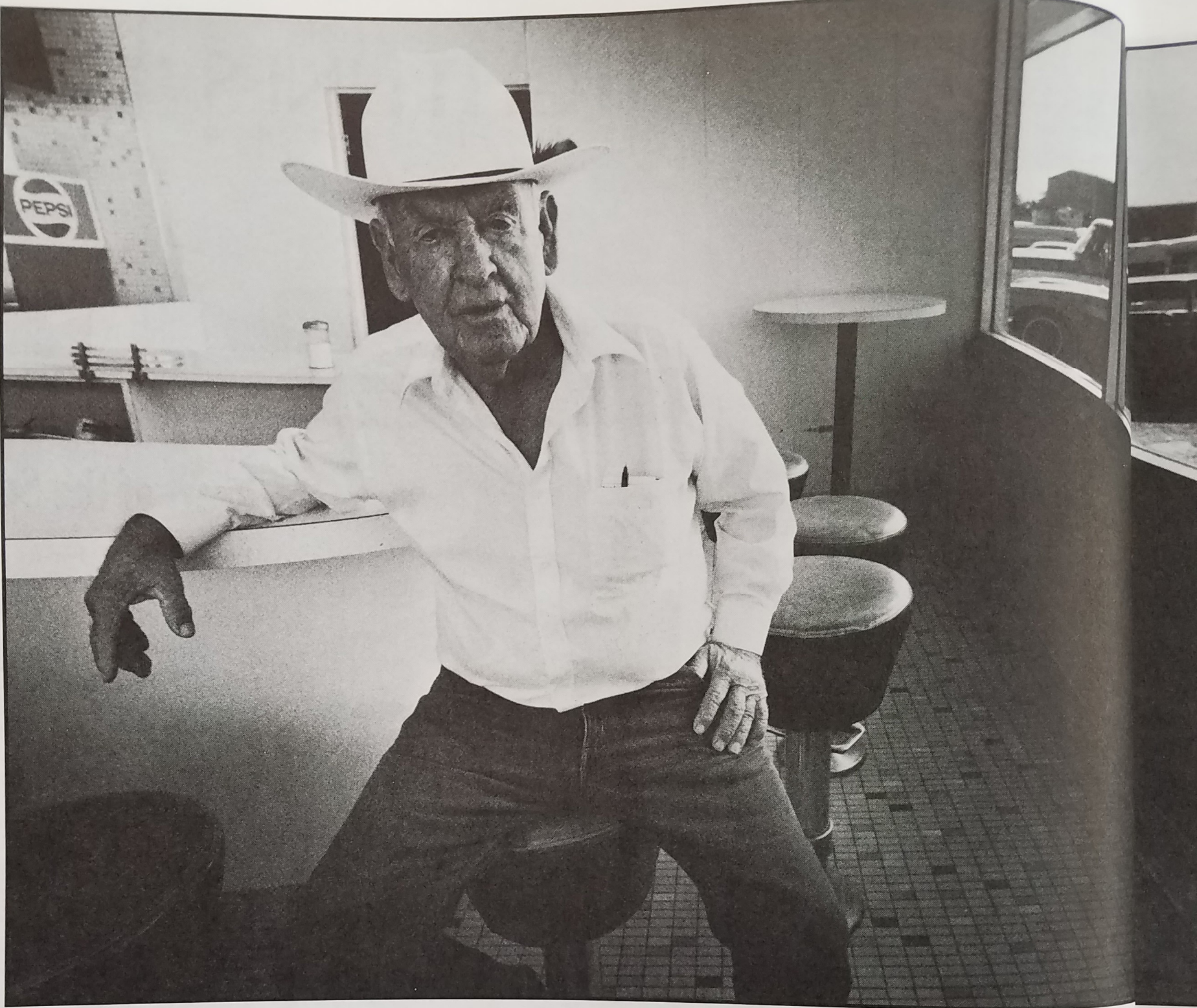
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Arthur Marsteller

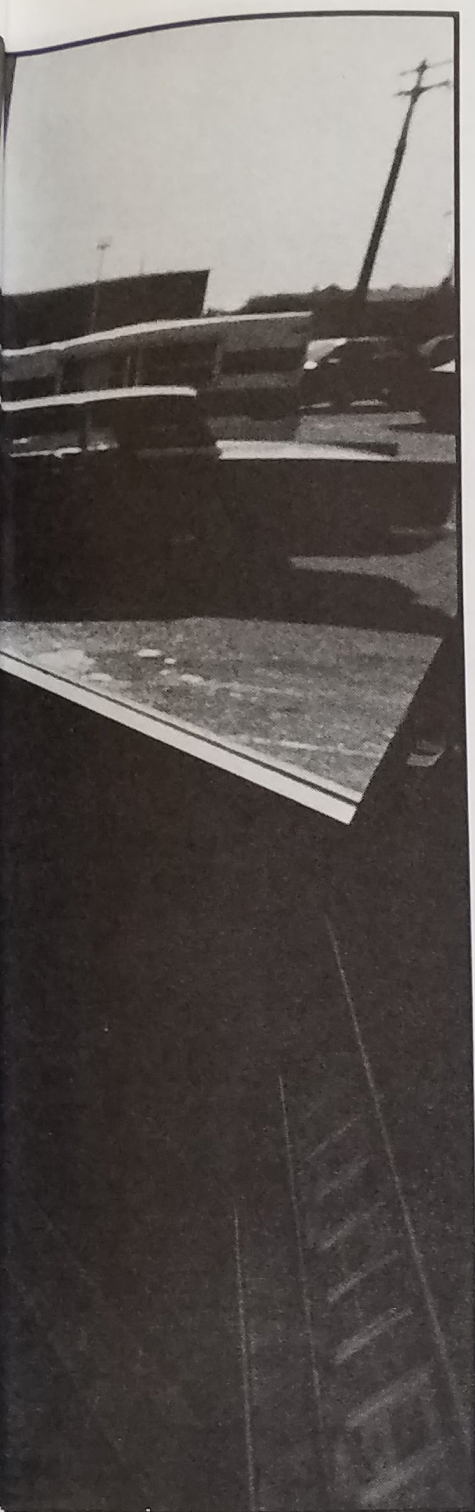
Arthur Marsteller, eighty-one, hangs out at the Dunkin' Donuts at South Sixth Avenue near the freeway. He spent his life as a vaquero.

"My first visit to Tucson was in 1915 when I was around five years old. The family that my father had given me to when I was five or six months old brought me from Patagonia, where they farmed a small place. My father had been too busy to have a kid, so he just gave me away. I never found out what happened to my mother.

"The next time I came to Tucson was in 1943. I had run away from those people when I was fifteen and was working as a cowboy or whatever I could get, working my way west. The Santa Cruz Church on South Sixth was out in the country in those days. I went by Tito Flores' Drug Store on Meyer Street and they had the latest pictures of Pancho Villa, lying on a table with his body riddled by bullets.

"In 1943 Tucson was still a small town and it seemed like most of the people were Mexicans. Most of the Anglos spoke Spanish and got along very well with the Mexican people. There was a huge natural gas tank on Main Street where the old gas company had its plant. It would telescope up to seventy feet in the air when it was full. There was a sign painted on the side that said that the population of Tucson was thirty thousand. I don't think there were that many people here but it looked good.

"When it was hot the families would sit outside in front of their houses or stroll around town window shopping. People had time to visit and talk to each other. Now there are too many cars, too much traffic and there isn't any respect anymore. People are too busy to talk to each other."

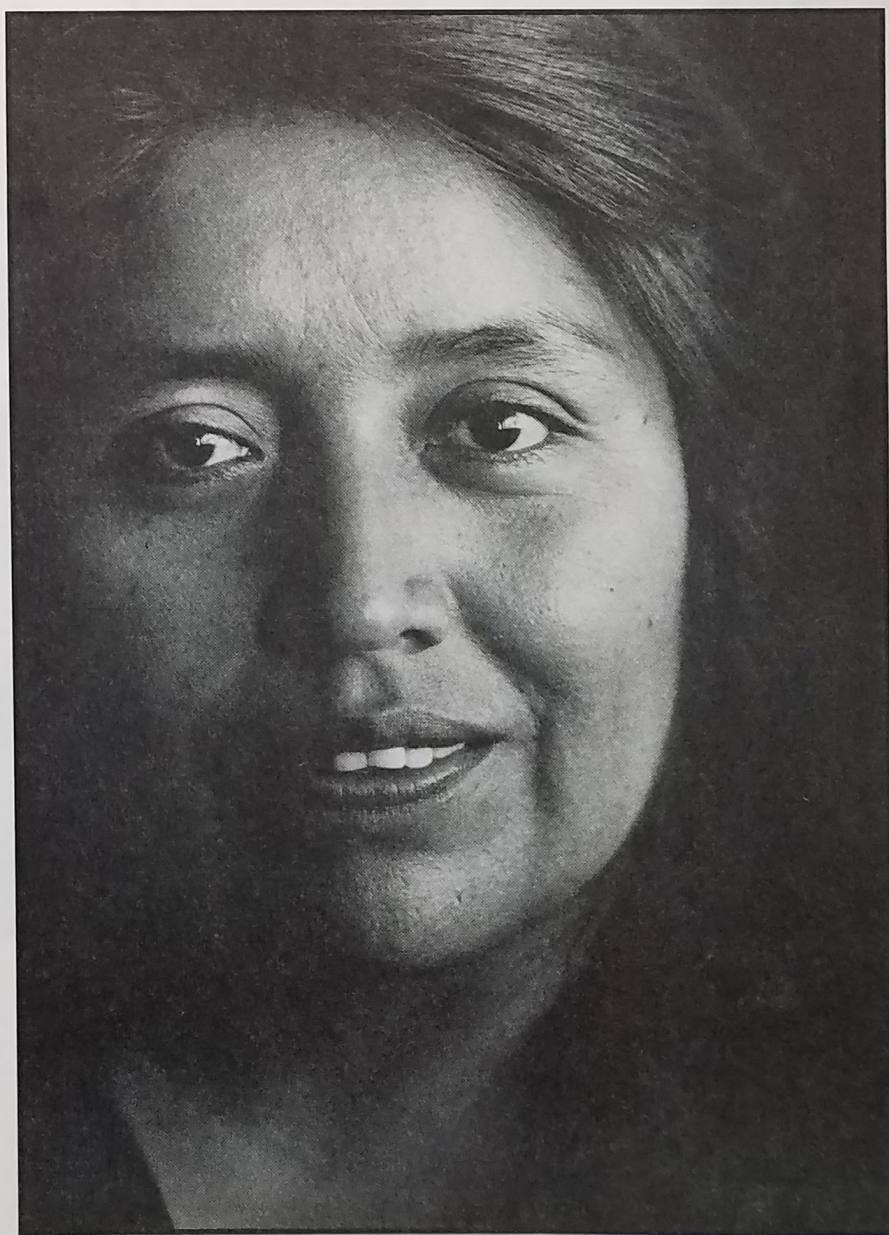


Ofelia Zepeda

Ofelia Zepeda, thirty-three, Director of American Indian Studies Program, UA, assistant professor of linguistics. She was born in Stanfield, Arizona, up around Casa Grande, and back in late the sixties she noticed books coming out in O'odham and she couldn't read them. So she learned, and when she finished she became the first O'odham to get a Ph.D. in linguistics. Then came her book, *When It Rains* (1982).

"I do a lot of work on the reservation and we had a summer institute that focused on literature, and from there we sort of encouraged people to write in O'odham. That's where the book came from. O'odham can be as vibrant as it ever was or it can be lost. This is a pretty good town for an O'odham—you're just a few minutes from the homeland. It's a real battle because now you see a generation that has English as a first language. But I want to be optimistic. In O'odham you can talk about things that are going to happen. You can talk about the rain approaching. There are all these words that show all the different aspects—the gathering clouds, the wind, the dust. After the rain has passed there are all these verb inflections to show how long it has been since it passed. It is real subtle.

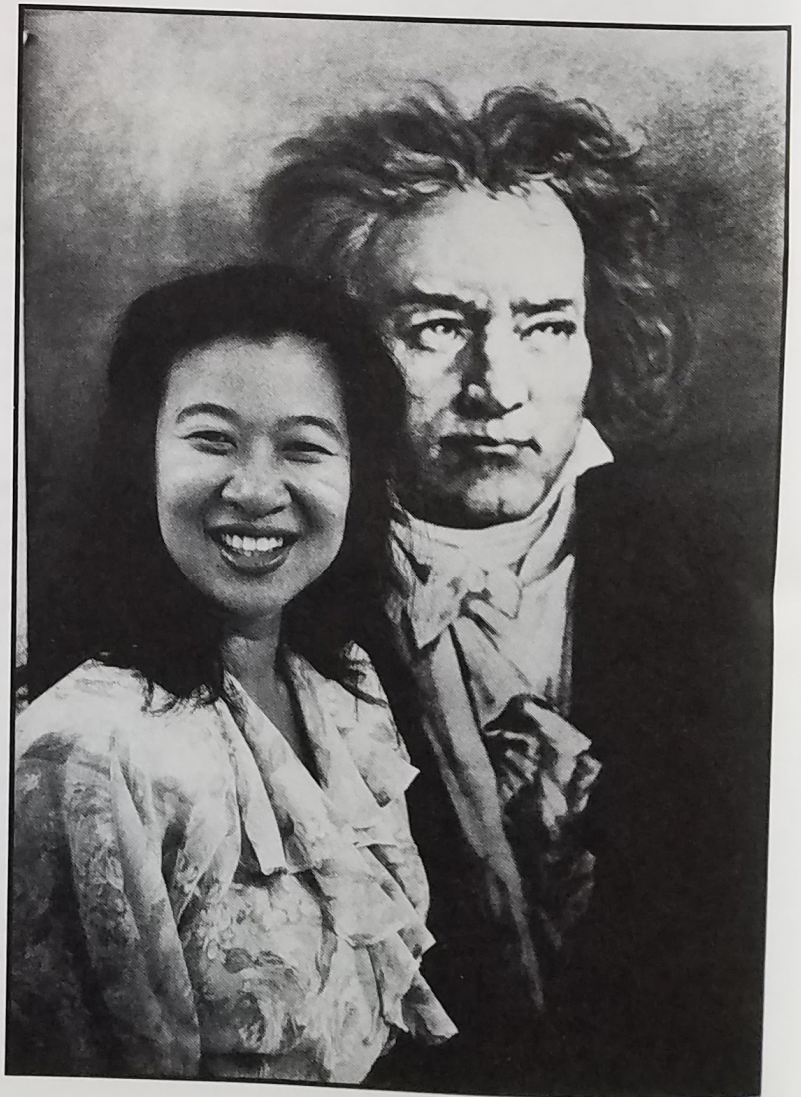
"Am I going to leave here? Where am I going to go?"





Paula Fan

The music isn't always electric guitar. Paula Fan, thirty-five, has played more classical piano in public than anybody else in Tucson. She labors almost invisibly behind a nine-foot Steinway (or occasionally a harpsichord) for the Tucson Symphony, and as staff accompanist at the UA School of Music for other faculty members, guest artists in recital, singers, cellists, flutists—you name it. She records for a small company in England. A few years ago, when she found herself booked for six different concerts in seven days, somebody rounded up all the music and actually counted the notes she had to play in a week. The sum: 179,457.



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Lisa Johnson

For decades the city has used the desert and mountains to recruit its people. She walks through the strobe light onto the floor of the disco at Loews Ventana Canyon Resort. Lisa Johnson, twenty-four, has been in Tucson less than a day. The flight down from Chicago was an impulse kind of thing and now it is Friday night. She will be back in Chicago at work at the ad agency on Monday. She has never been here before, and the mountains amaze her, and what do you call those big cactus? "I'm loving it," she says, "It's beautiful here—in Chicago they don't have the scenery." She sips her champagne and smiles. "This is the most spontaneous thing," she beams, "I've ever done in my life." For decades the city has used the desert and mountains to recruit its people.



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chiffon with tweeds and

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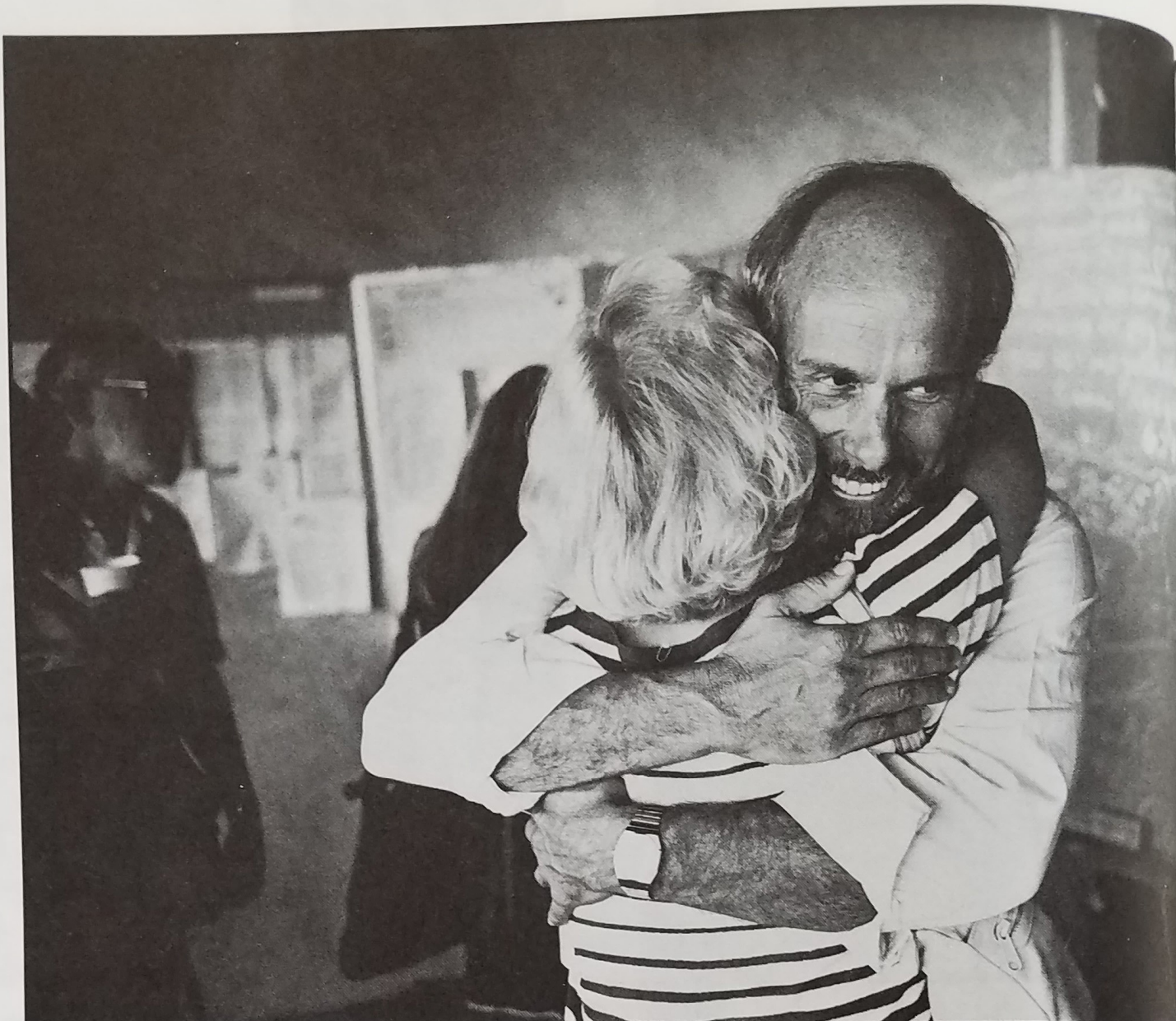
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Tom and Kay McCool

This town has more gunshops than boutiques. Tom and Kay McCool used to be famed as the "Shootin' McCools of the Poconos." Now sixty-seven and semi-retired to a Tucson mobile home, Tom was an Air Force instructor in World War II, teaching some 2,000 young gunners how to fire the turret-mounted guns on B-24 bombers.

When peace came, he spent the next thirty years working seven days a week as a gunsmith and restorer in Henryville, Pennsylvania. His personal collection of about 150 firearms includes a Civil War Napoleon cannon, the first Gatling manufactured (in 1873) under Army contract, and a Gatling from the Manila arsenal used during the 1900 Philippines insurrection. Kay, whose ancestors on both sides of the family served in the Revolutionary War, started a shooting range. She taught Dick Van Dyke's children how to shoot.

He likes Arizona's liberal gun laws. And what kind of a shot is McCool? "Fair," he shrugs. "Pshhha," scoffs Kay. "He's won all kinds of trophies."



David Wilkinson

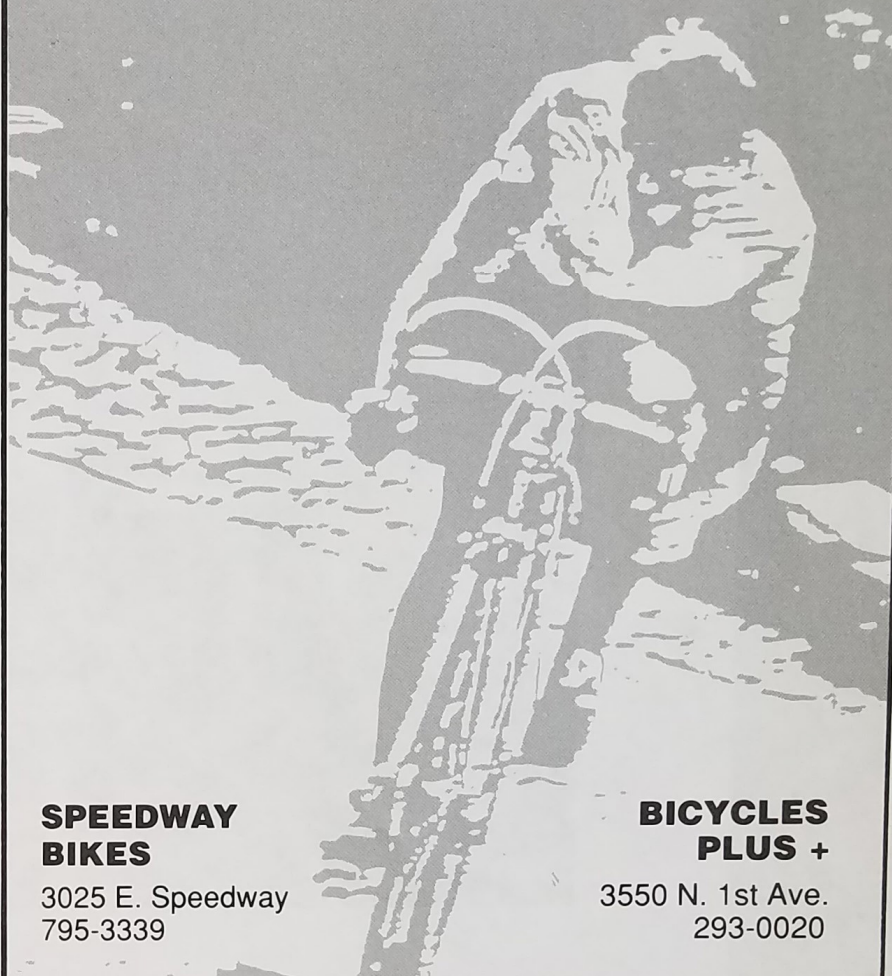
David Wilkinson, forty-five, a seventh-generation Methodist minister, is the pastor of St. Francis in the Foothills, nominally a United Methodist congregation.

"Well, in fact, we *are* a touchie-feelie church! The people greet each other with hugs here. But I think the reason people call us that is that we can't be pinned down. A good half of our church are Roman Catholics. Fifteen percent are Jewish. Another five or six percent are Sufi. It's basically a church for people who have felt disenfranchised by traditional religion.

"Our services—we call them celebrations—start with an attunement. It's like a prayer, where the people tune in on the right frequency so the static in their lives disappears. Then we sing. Last Sunday we sang John Denver's song, 'I want to live, I want to grow, I want to see, I want to know....'

"What we have here is what often is barred from a regular church because they just wouldn't know how to handle it. People will come out of the closet—yes, during the celebration. I'd have to acknowledge that three or four years ago, when we first confronted this acceptance of homosexuality within our community, a small number of people left St. Francis. It was a volatile issue. But we recognize that in our Christ-centeredness, in our space of oneness, we are just as one with a homosexual as we are with a heterosexual."

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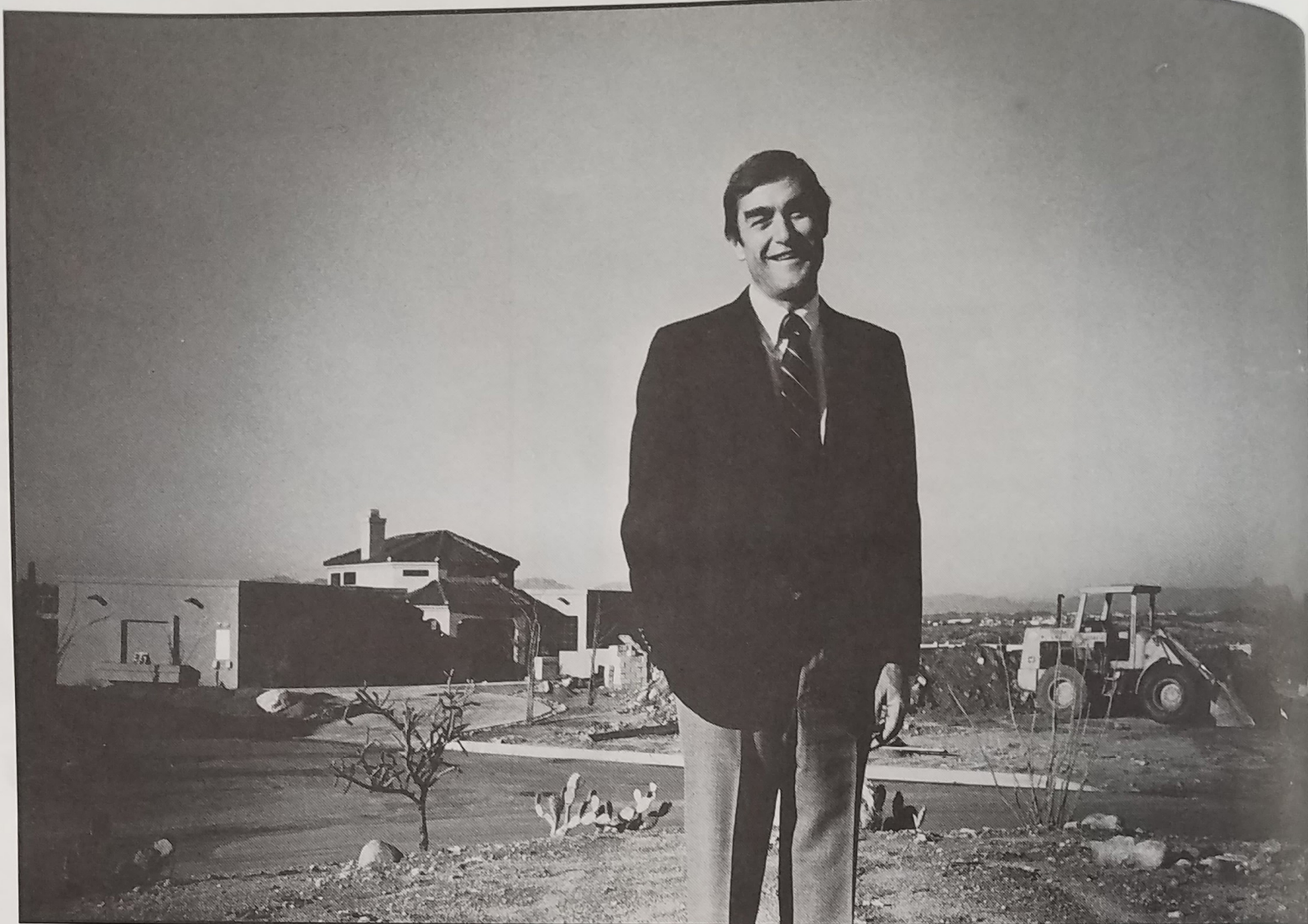
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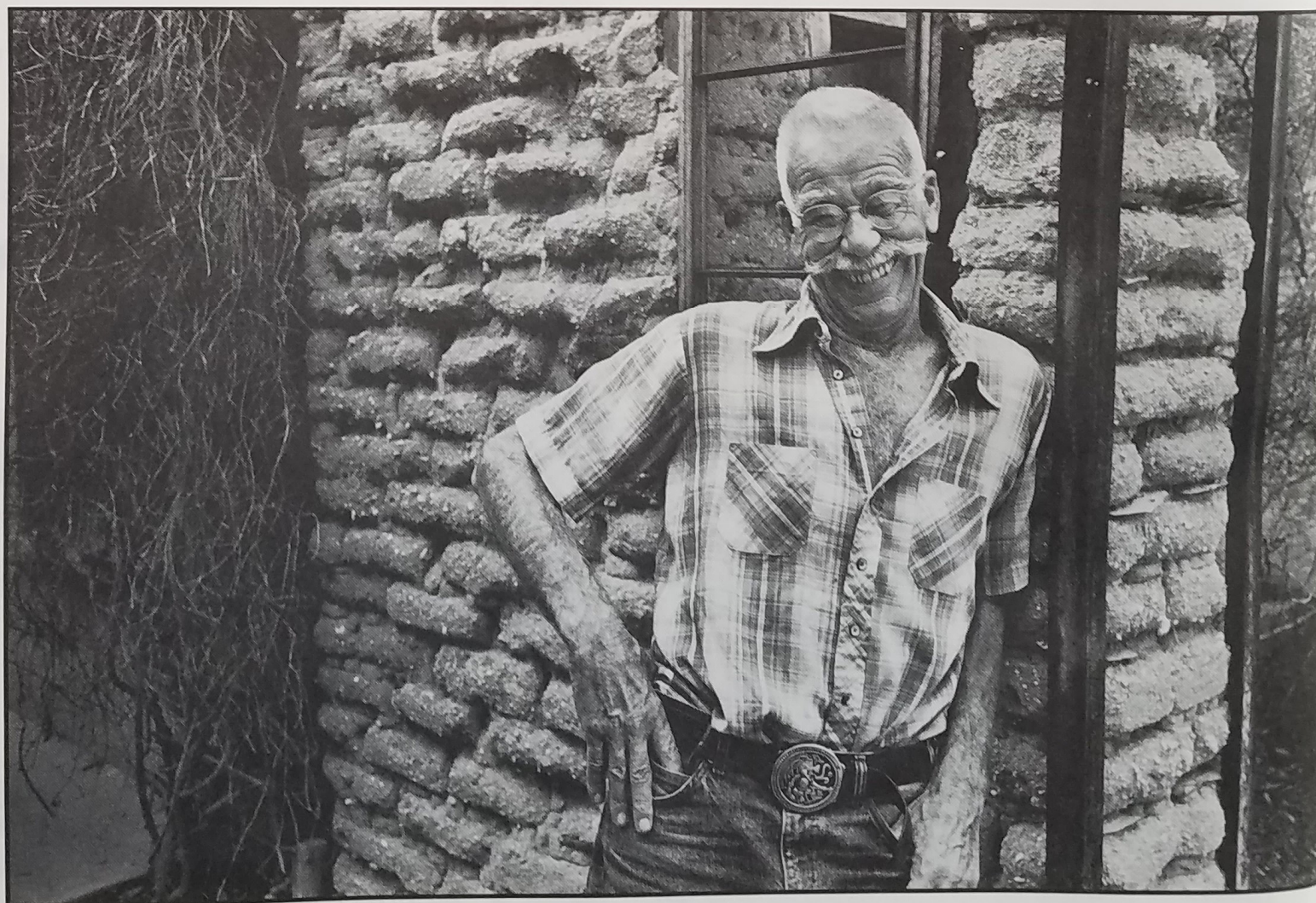
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Chris Sheafe

Chris H. Sheafe, forty-three, Division President, Estes Homes.

He skis, he owns his own raft and runs rivers, he hikes, and every twelve months puts 1,000 to 2,000 homes into the ground of Arizona. The voice is even, the words the careful speech of an accountant. He came here in '71 and building has been his dream since childhood. "We want our product to blend into the landscape," he explains, and Estes has helped pioneer retention of the natural desert at Ventana Canyon and La Reserve. By 2001 he expects another 400,000 people to settle in Tucson and he figures the plus side of the city mushrooming is too often discounted. For him, growth is not an issue ("We don't have any choice."). Meetings with neighborhood groups and environmentalists are a fact of life.

"I anticipate," he says, "being here in twenty years and walking around the town and feeling good about helping create a fairly large metropolitan area that has retained its charm."

He works seven days a week.

Julian Hayden

Julian Hayden, 77, is a retired excavator. He came to Arizona in the thirties, worked on major archaeological digs at Ventana Cave, Snaketown, Keet Seel and other spots. He learned to carve silver and sold his jewelry through Lord & Taylor in New York. After World War II, he arrived in Tucson with the only jackhammer in the city, one bought off an old prospector in Yuma. Hayden raised a family in a tent near Columbus and Speedway, dug trenches and put in septic systems, served on the schoolboard. Now he lives in an adobe house on the same site. For more than twenty years he prowled the Pinacate, a volcanic wilderness in northwestern Sonora, looking for the camps and signs of early man. He found hundreds of miles of ancient trails among the craters, choppers tens of thousands of years old and his work began to appear in the scholarly journals.

He laughs easily, reads always. His home has never had a television. Now he sits under the mesquites and the world of desert rats, scholars, scientists and wanderers drops by. There is always mescal and the whisper of dry camps in the desert. The traffic of Speedway roars a block away and the desert of early man still persists in the talk that floats across the patio.



Dave Foreman

He lives in a tract house and plots how to return the Southwest to wilderness. Dave Foreman helped create Earth First!—perhaps the nation's most radical environmental group. In the sixties, he headed Young Americans for Freedom at the University of New Mexico, volunteered for the Marines during Vietnam and was thrown out for insubordination in a matter of weeks. He smiles a lot and spends much of his time staring at a computer screen as he cranks out the organization's publication, or traveling around campuses giving talks on wild ground. His group dreams of blowing up Glen Canyon dam, publishes a how-to manual on taking out bulldozers and wants the cry of the wolf to replace the roar of traffic. He is part of a Tucson tradition, one that stretches from Ed Abbey to Joseph Wood Krutch to Forest Shreve and back to the turn of the century when the Desert Laboratory was founded here on Tumamoc Hill. This is the city of sprawl that defenders of wilderness seem to cling to.



Meg Ritchie

She's the woman who makes men strong. Meg Ritchie, a thirty-five-year-old woman with a Scottish burr, was once fifth in the world in the discus.

She's a fifteen-time All-American, a seven-time national champ in discus and shot, a two-time Olympic competitor, and she holds both the British Commonwealth and the U.S. collegiate records in both events. Now she's the head strength coach for the University of Arizona's Pac-10 teams, including football and basketball. Injuries are down, thanks in large part to the Olympic-style strength conditioning she stresses in her seven-day-a-week job. "You don't come in here and just health-club-attitude it," she says.

"You come in here and you *lift*, and you lift seriously for your sport."

Her telephone rings. It's the mail room, they have a couple of heavy packages, they think maybe they ought to bring them up for her. "No, I can handle it. Really," Ritchie is insisting, "I'm the *weight* coach."



Alva Torres

Alva Torres, fifty-five, runs the legalization/amnesty office set up by the Diocese of Tucson.

"We're having some problems. Right in the middle of the program, things are getting changed right under us. For example, last week we sent a family with five adults to the INS [Immigration and Naturalization Service]. When they went in, they were told they all needed waivers that last month the government wasn't asking for. Five waivers at thirty-five dollars each. That's a great strain for this family.

"Or take a family with three children: Say they brought an older child with them in 1981 and left a baby back in Mexico with an *abuelita* [grandmother]. Then they brought the baby here in 1983. And then they had another baby in the United States in 1985. Under the rules, the oldest child would be eligible for legalization, the youngest would automatically be a citizen, and the middle one would have to go back to Mexico.

"Yet it's good that people have to meet strict criteria. They cannot have a felony, cannot be on welfare, they have to get notarized letters showing that they've been working, and they have to learn English in eighteen months. It takes work, it takes effort. The people that are forever *mañana* aren't going to get a chance.

"I like this job because you can actually see that you're making a difference in peoples' lives. Some of them have been here for a long time, but a lot of them haven't bloomed yet, because they were living with this fear that they could be deported at any time. I think this is going to be good for the country and good for them."

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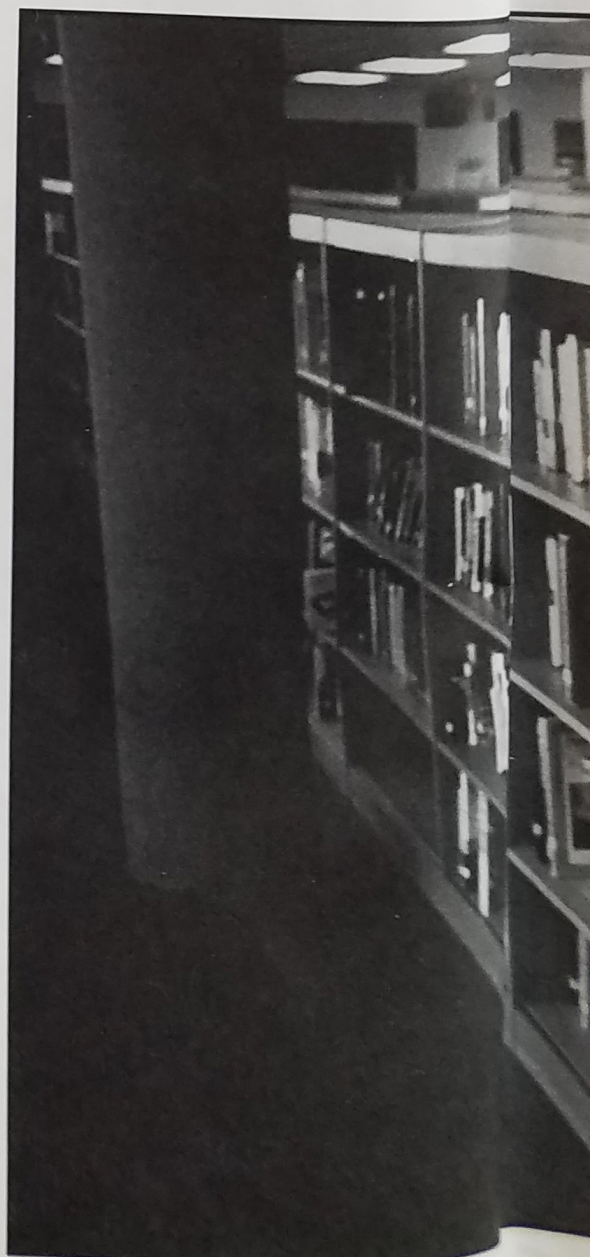
Rich Moret

Rich Moret was among Tucson's first VISTA volunteers in 1966 (he worked in a Puerto Rican ghetto in New York), went on to win the Amherst Poetry Prize in college, then "discovered there were only about three poets in America making a living." So he went into advertising. Now forty-one, he runs Owens/Moret and Associates.

From his East Side offices he convinces us to buy items from carpets to expensive jewelry and homes to bingo cards. He markets Republican and Democratic politicians with equal conscience. His biggest stumble was trying to create a Hispanic advertising network— ahead of his time, he now says. He was Tucson's 1986 ad man of the year.

Though his family moved here in 1952, he is part of the New Tucson. "About five families used to make up the elite, and they ran the town like a Southern plantation, even in the 1950s. Well, most of them didn't see what was happening. They didn't keep up with the market. And they went off into the sunset.... There are no bloodlines here. If you can prove yourself here, you can make it. But you've got to put some of it back into the community."

His offices are adorned with plaques and thank-yous reminding him what he has put back, along with such slogans as "Poverty Sucks." "I happen to like creature comforts," he shrugs. "I enjoy my toys." So a trophy from Mayor Lew for emerging the dirtiest in a greased pig chase is a brag. "I've been accused of wearing Gucci pajamas."

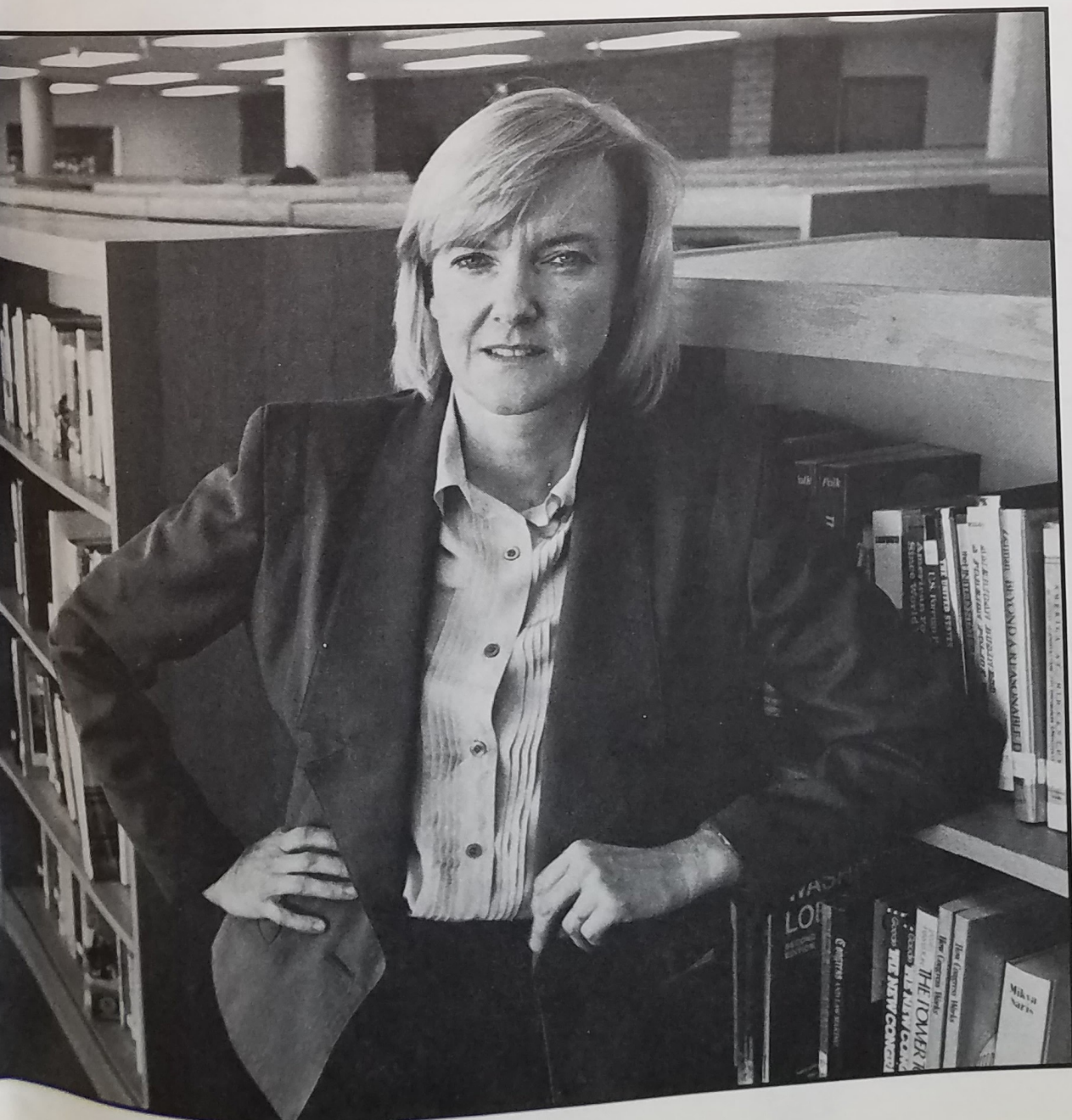
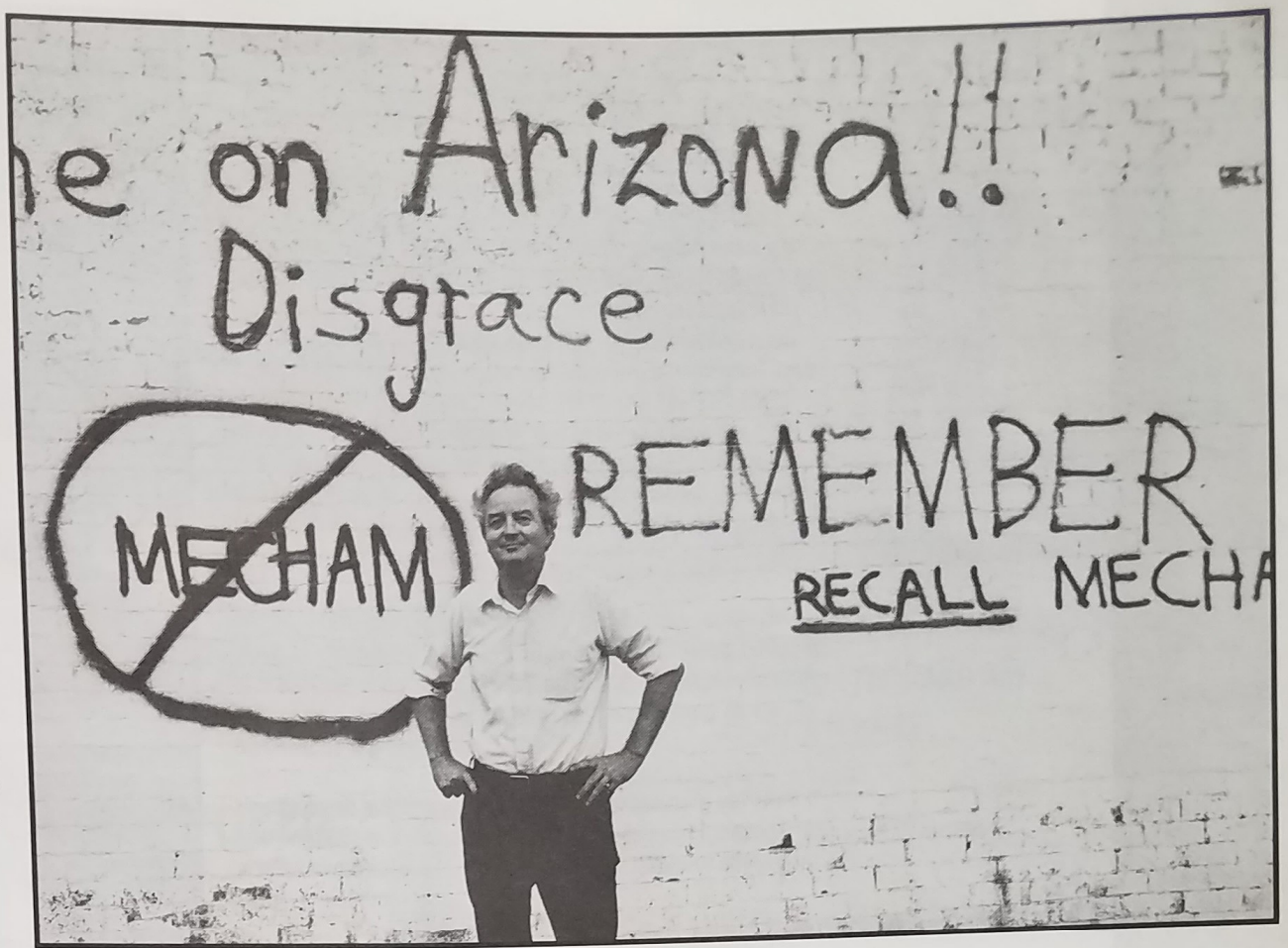


John Kromko

State Rep. John Kromko, the local Democratic chairman, is part of a Tucson political tradition—remember Sister Clare Dunn?—of outsiders who get inside.

Kromko, forty-six, was an apolitical engineer engrossed in his work on the Minuteman missile when the sixties exploded and “radicalized” him for keeps. He’s been sticking it to the Arizona power structure ever since, going to the people with popular initiative drives—to repeal the sales tax on food, to protect water quality, to give Tucsonans a vote on major road projects. Last year Kromko made about \$30,000 as a legislator and teacher and donated \$11,000 to charitable causes. He also pumped gas and manned a 7-11 to raise money for his fights.

Once, while watching his fellow lawmakers screw over Indians by divvying up tax breaks from power plants on the reservations, Kromko—smiling angelically—quietly handed the bill’s sponsor a string of beads. Another time, the Tucson City Council bought bus shelters for \$3,000 each; Kromko slammed one together for a hundred bucks.



Sharon Riise

One evening in August, Sharron Riise, Pueblo High School librarian, spoke out at a school board meeting. The school district, strapped for money, had cut her acquisitions budget from \$27,000 to \$15,000. They took no action on her request.

“We didn’t have television until I was in the seventh grade, and my family didn’t subscribe to magazines, but I went to the school library and read them. That’s how I got educated.

“People who used to read are now parked in front of the television set. When I give book talks—and I think I’m a fairly persuasive public speaker—I find I have difficulty holding people’s attention, and the reason is I’m not tap dancing and producing something new and different every five seconds.

“I get here at ten ‘til seven every morning, and nearly every day there are kids waiting to get in. I have high hopes for this library. When it opened a year ago, kids would walk in here and say (in hushed tones), ‘Gosh, this is really nice.’ And another would say, ‘It’s even better than the public library.’ And it *is* better than the public library.

“When the ten million dollars was appropriated for the Pueblo renovation, there was talk that the first thing to be renovated was the gym. Somewhere, somebody—I think it was the school board—said no, we’re going to do the library first. Unfortunately, they think that once they’ve done it, they’ve done it. They’ve bought this absolutely glorious furniture, but nothing extra to improve the collection.

“After I appeared at that board meeting, I was criticized by some administrators. There are channels you’re supposed to go through, they said. I’ve given it a lot of thought. And you know what? I’d do it again.”

Alfred Donau

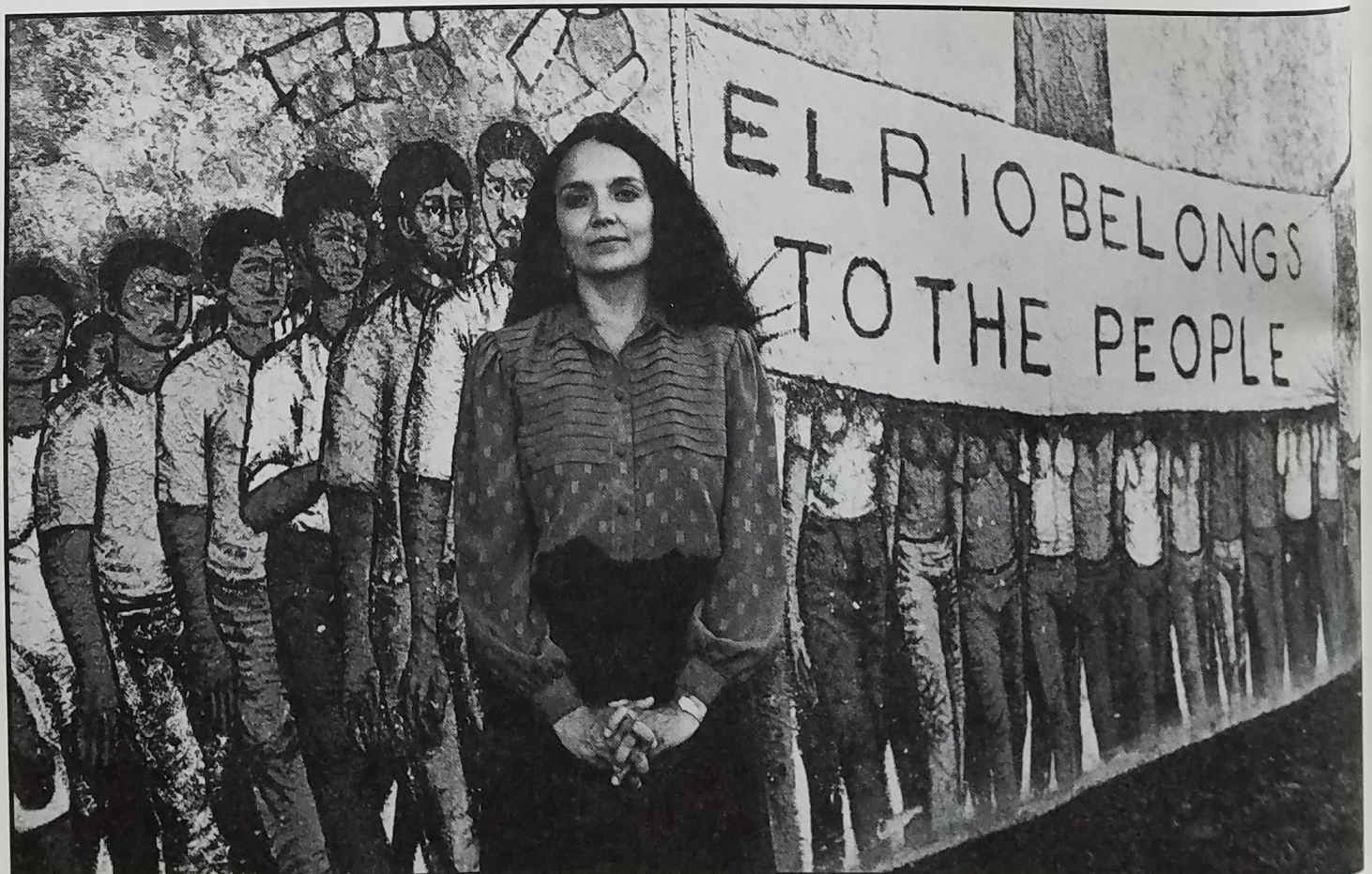
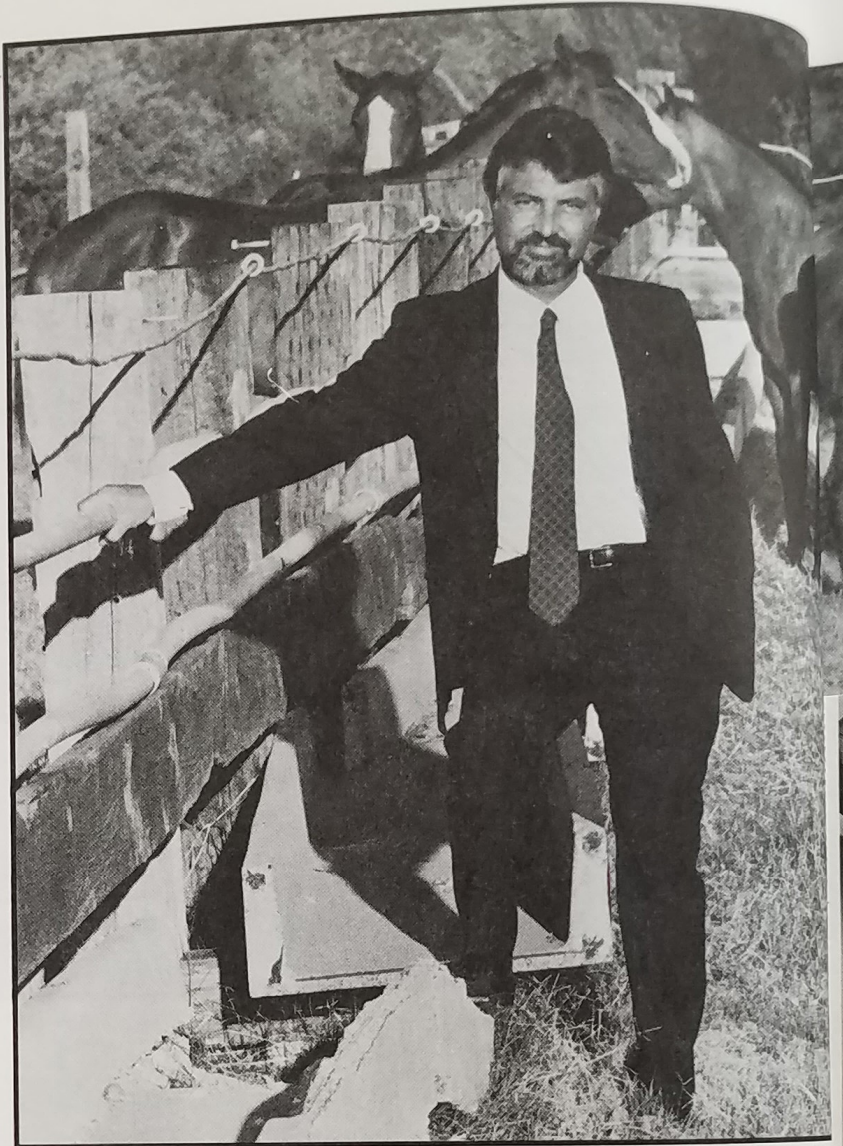
Alfred S. "Skip" Donau, III, third generation Tucsonan, is a high-powered criminal defense lawyer who, since 1978, has counted Joe Bonnano among his clients. He is thirty-nine.

"My roots here go back to 1883, when my grandfather came to Tucson from Cincinnati as a 'drummer,' or salesman, for a merchandising company. Later he went into the cattle business and had the Anvil Ranch, which is covered by most of east Tucson now—from Craycroft out towards Tanque Verde Loop. He was one of the seven founders of the Old Pueblo Club and was elected to the Territorial Legislature. Later he purchased gold mines near Hermosillo. But the Mexican government confiscated them when he died, leaving the family pretty much destitute. My grandmother went into the real estate business to support them.

"My father was born at what is now a parking lot at UA. We bought a guest ranch in Amado. We've kept the cattle ranch in Amado—4,000 acres. Green Valley is just nine miles north of us. We all grew up on the ranch and we're not very interested in seeing it subdivided.

"I think my grandfather would be stunned by the development of Tucson. I have some pictures that he took in 1883; he was on a cattle roundup and they were driving cattle down what is now Mountain Avenue.

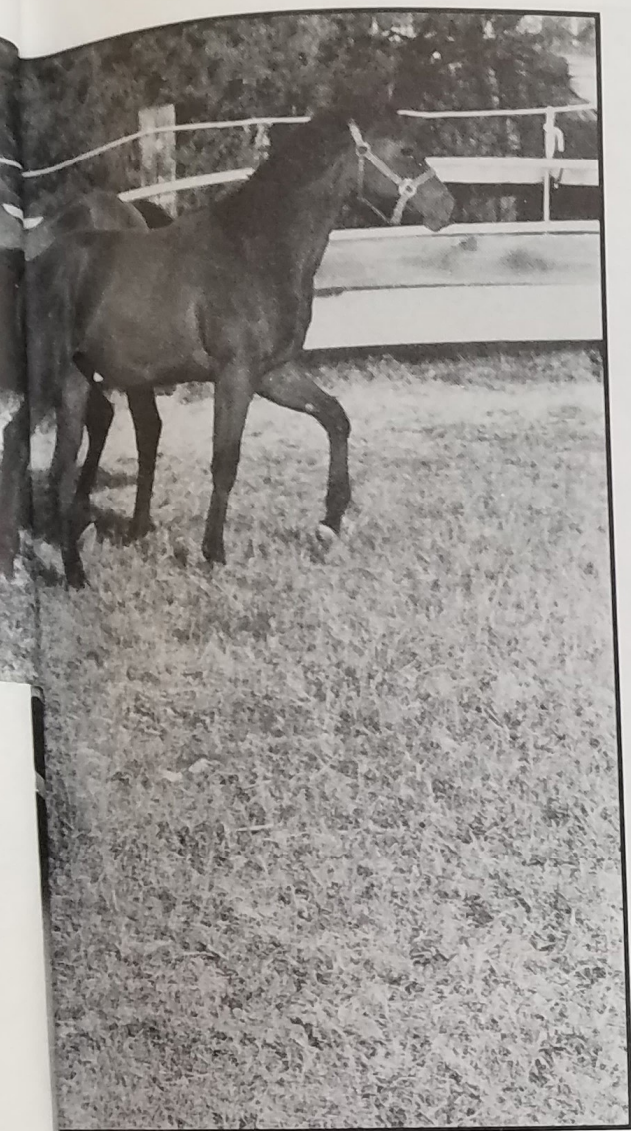
"Tucson is at a crossroads now. It can evolve into another Phoenix, God forbid, or it can take hold of its destiny and maintain the character and spirit that have developed over a hundred years."



Isabel

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"A lot of the world began to change roots to the Mexicans, mentioned comers] in is changing even move and recrea Nowhere e can we just speculator cano comm because of always res I had to ow a historic s communit it's that we to take pol part is onl me—whet fighting in of an irrita



Isabel Garcia Gallegos

Isabel Garcia Gallegos' grandmother was born here before Anglo migration changed Tucson. She is a local lawyer and Chicano activist specializing in immigrant rights.

"A lot of the people who come here now think the whole history of the world began 200 years ago; they don't fully understand our historical roots to these lands. A lot of people take the perspective 'well, you're Mexicans, you're Hispanic, somehow you're foreigners.' What's not mentioned is that the *Mexicanos* have a lot more history [than the newcomers] in regard to these lands. It's the immigration from the *north* that is changing the face of the entire Southwest. We see Chicago; people even move out of there because they want to escape it, only to come here and recreate it, or to recreate Back East. Why do we want to do that? Nowhere else in the world is there a desert like the Sonoran Desert. How can we just destroy it? And yet we see, daily, land being cleared, so that speculators and developers have now made incredible money. The *Mexicano* community, as a whole, has not really progressed economically because of the boom in Tucson. As part of my culture, growing up, I've always respected the mountains and the desert. I've never had the feeling I had to *own* them. My only goal, in my life's work in Tucson, is to join in a historic struggle. I have no delusions at all. I am one person from my community; I'm not representing everybody. If there's one goal, I hope it's that we can educate our people. After that, to organize and mobilize, to take political alternatives and empower our [Chicano] community. My part is only carrying on my parents' tradition, because they gave it to me—whether it's good or bad, sometimes I wonder—an addiction to fighting injustice. But that's not what it is; that's too romantic. It's more of an irritation with injustice."

IMAGINE THE POSSIBILITIES

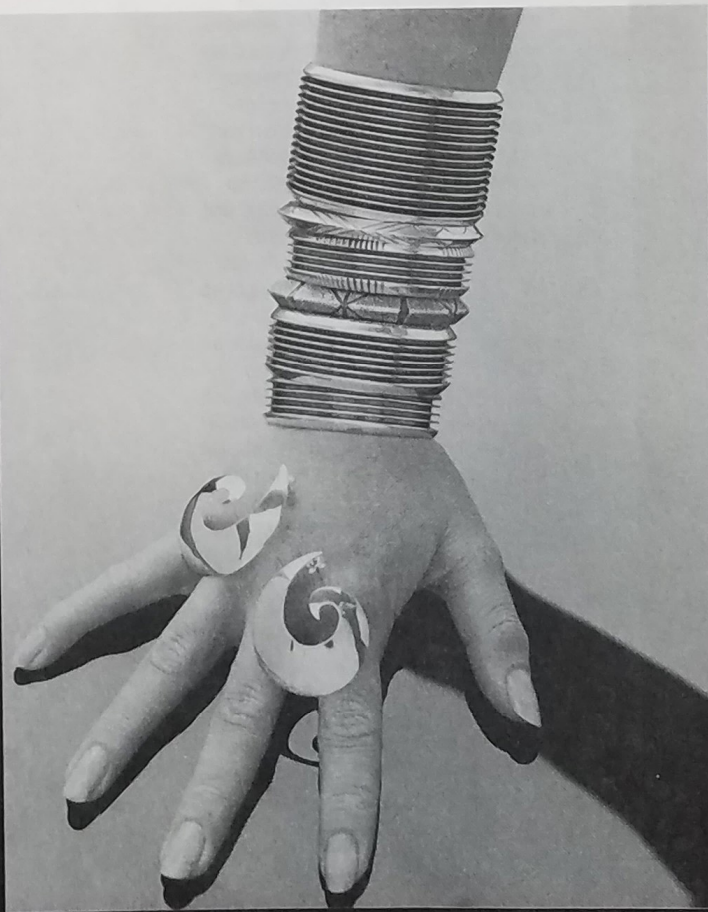


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Andrea Robinson

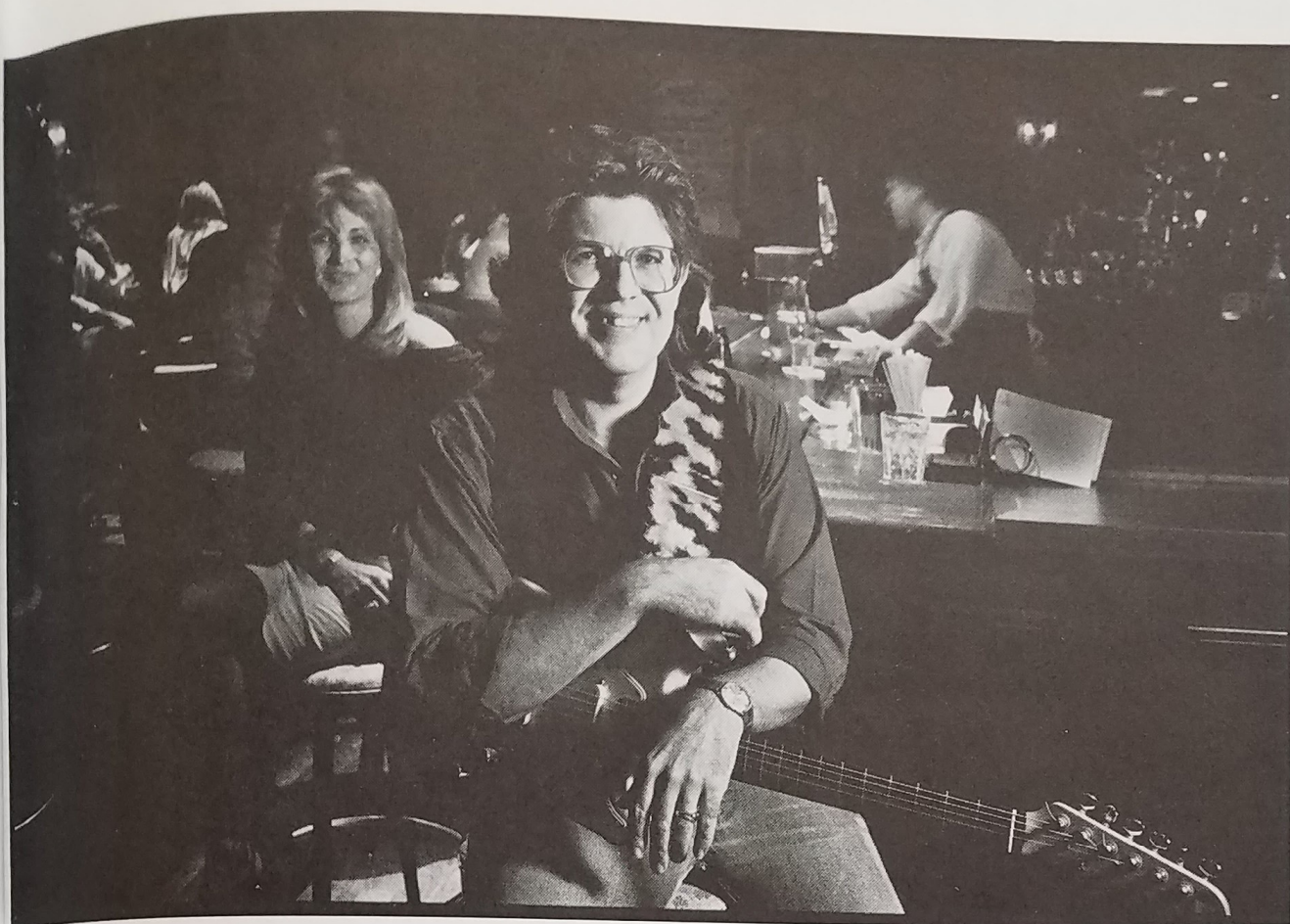
For every three people who move here, two move on. Andrea Robinson, a twenty-seven-year-old copy editor at the *Tucson Citizen*, moved in two years ago when her Air Force husband was transferred to Davis-Monthan. She found a city less than four percent black.

"I have yet to find a black community out here. The people were okay; the whites out here were very nice. But where I'm from, you have the extended families, and the communities are close-knit. Out here I couldn't see anybody pulling together for anything—especially over here in this [southeast] part of town. Golf Links is Apartment Alley. In Mississippi, every other block you had a club that programmed music that a lot of blacks listen to—R&B, jazz. Another thing that bothers me here is the churches, because I was brought up with the old-time preaching and the singing and the revivals. On this side of town there are no black Baptist churches that I know of. Back home, fall would come just in time for the football season, and I could just *smell* football in the air. Out here the days all seem the same. And I miss the greenery. My mother has these gardenias, and I remember when I was younger I would pretend I was Billie Holiday and I would put them in my hair and go around singing. I don't care for the desert. There's lots of nice people out here, but there's also some wackos. When I was a child, I had free reign of everything. Out here, I'd have to watch my kids twenty-four hours a day, and even that may not be enough."

Nancy O'Connor

Nancy O'Connor, forty-eight, is a registered nurse in the radiation oncology clinic at University Medical Center. Her long-time specialty has been children with cancer.

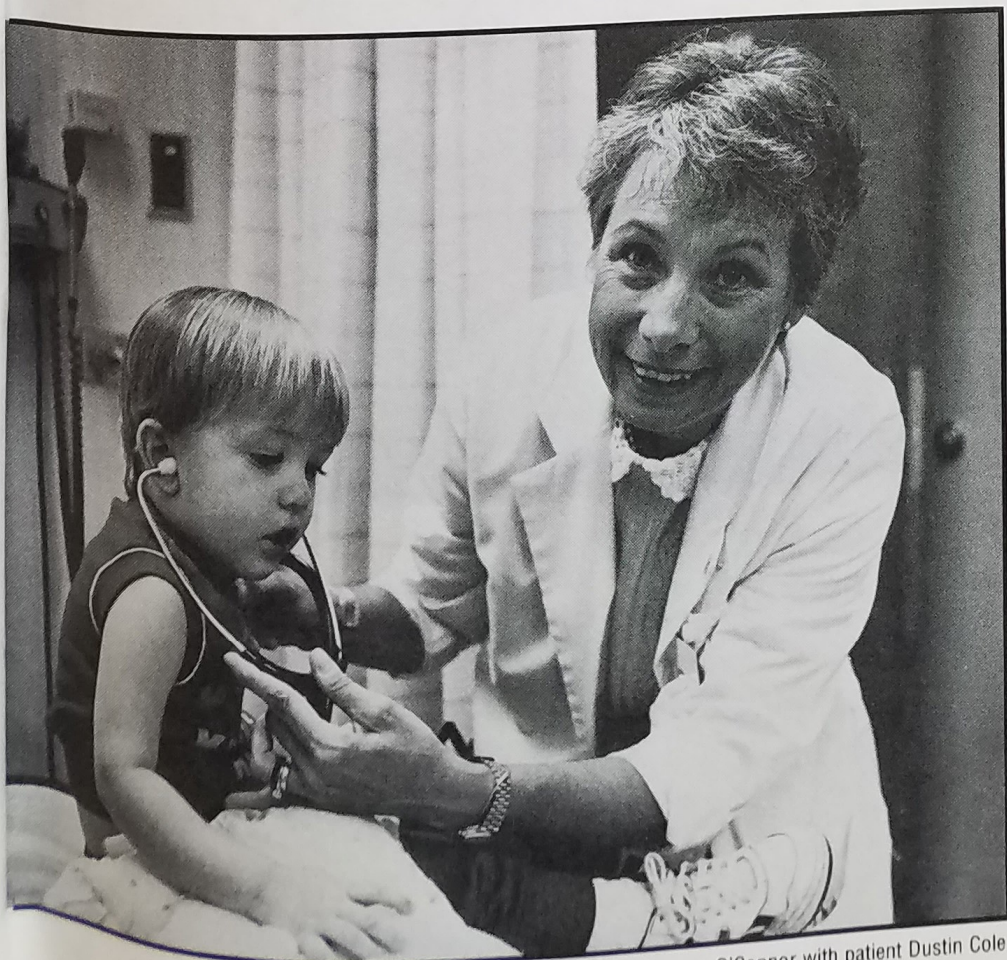
"This week I lost one of the most precious young men I've ever laid eyes on. He was eight years old, and he had brightened the clinic every time he walked through the door. I went to visit him at his home, and he's this tiny, tiny, emaciated thing with tubes out of everywhere. He's lying in his waterbed, and I said to him, 'Cory, that looks like a wonderful waterbed. I've never slept in one.' He said, 'Move my pillow over.' We moved it. 'Now, watch out for my tubes.' I did, and hiked him over to one side of the bed. 'Eight years old, in con-down next to me and see what a water bed is like.' Eight years old, in constant pain and terminally ill, and yet what he wanted was for his nurse to share one of his pleasures. His other concern that night was the woman from Make-a-Wish. He had been to Florida with the Make-a-Wish Foundation, and he wanted to make sure his mother would go out and buy a plant for the woman who'd arranged it. I went to visit him in the hospital a week ago. He was dying; he couldn't hold anything in his stomach and he was on a morphine drip. I'm sitting on the edge of his bed, and he said, 'You know, Nancy, most people don't understand how lucky I am.' In what way, I asked. He said, 'Because pretty soon I will see God, and that's pretty good.' I said, 'Well, would you mind, when you see Him, saying hello to my father? Because he's there, too.' He said, 'Okay, I'll tell God I have to see Nancy O'Connor's father, and then I also have to see my dad.' For most of us in the clinic, these are the things that keep us going. We're taking care of people who are suffering unbelievable agony, and yet they give back to you a hundredfold anything you give to them. I can't imagine a job more gratifying."



Ned Sutton

At In Cahoots.

Ned Sutton, thirty-nine, is a singer and guitarist. In early 1973, a band called Fast Eddie and The Rodeo Kings packed a westside shot-and-beer joint called Hooligan's and Ned Sutton fronted it. On Cinco de Mayo, 1983, Sutton was busted on a drug charge and spent the next nineteen months in prison. He is an Air Force kid who came here in '65, did his senior year at Catalina and graduated UA in '71. Then came the bands which he fronted and played guitar in. He learned music in a tiny Missouri town from his grandfather, Jesse James Loberg, a bluegrass fiddler and gospel player. "I'd go up there," he says, "and sing for the old men chewing tobacco and sitting on the porch of the general store. They'd give me a nickel a song." For fifteen years, Sutton has been part of this city's bar band culture. Now he works in a print shop during the week, and plays all weekend. "It's real fun," he says, "and you get paid for it." He figures he'll never leave town. Partly, he thinks he's too lazy. Partly, "I hate humidity."

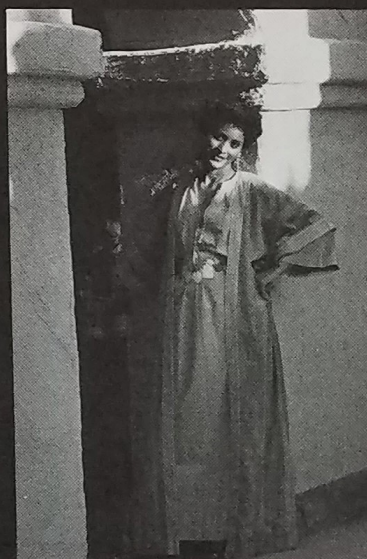


Nancy O'Connor with patient Dustin Cole.



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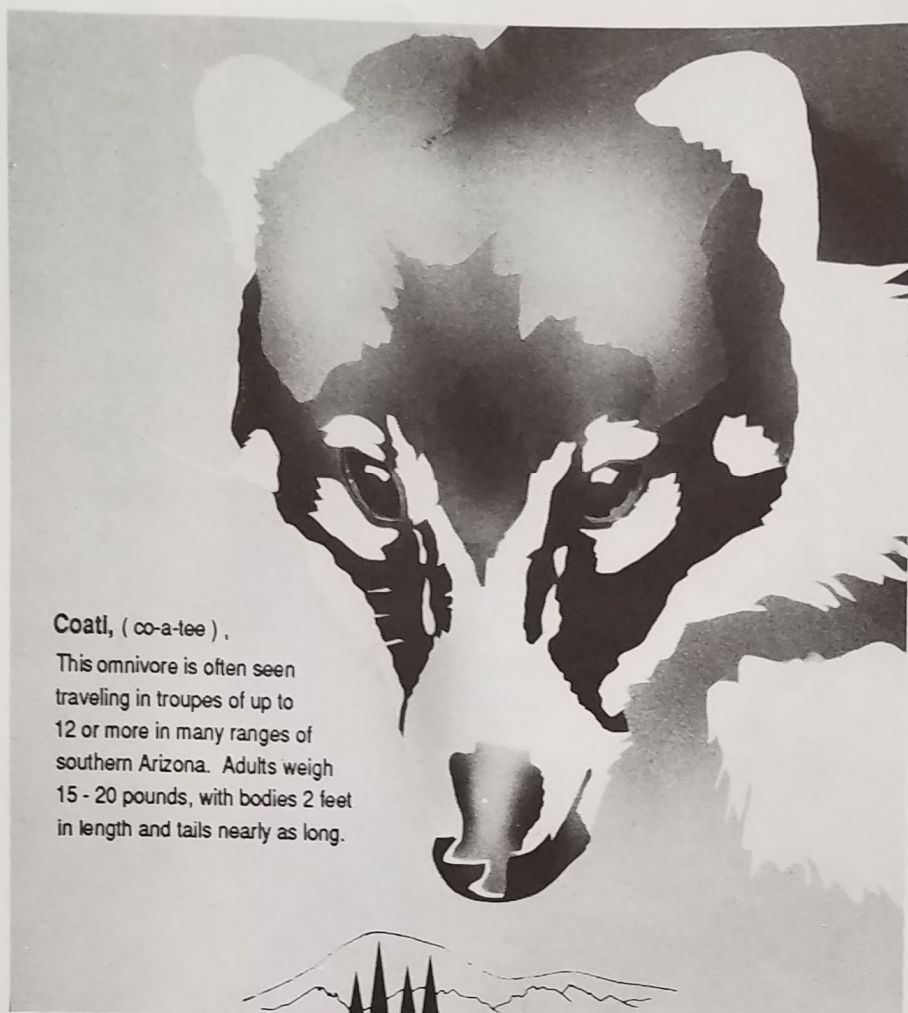
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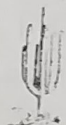
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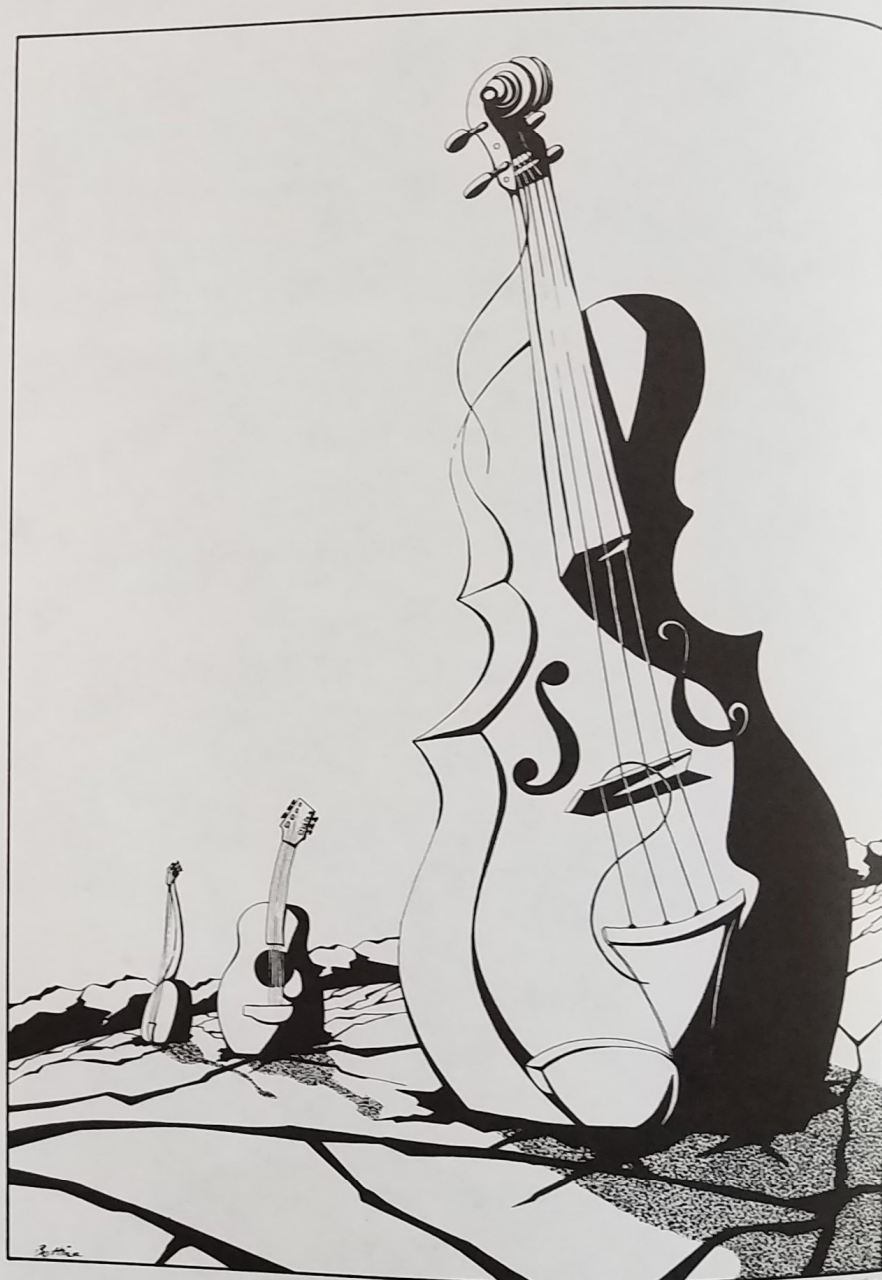
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LOCAL CUSTOM

WILD HORSE SHORTY

What we learned was never quite what he had to teach

BY JIM GRIFFITH



Shorty's gone. Virgil W. Hamby, better known as Wild Horse Shorty, died in July, his eighty-second year. He was a fiddler, guitar and banjo picker, singer, storyteller, preacher, refrigerator repairman, horse breaker and a host of other things. Born and raised in middle Tennessee, he played in a family string band while in his teens, and remembered being told by a Nashville radio executive that there was a future on radio for his kind of music. Even though the Grand Ole Opry started on the same station a few years later, the Hamby boys never went back. During the Depression, Shorty took to riding the freight cars, and arrived in Hereford, Arizona, in a "side-door Pullman" in 1929. He earned his moniker by breaking wild horses in Southeast Arizona. Wherever he went, whatever he did, his fiddle went along, and spare time would find him entertaining, playing for dances and over the

radio, and generally cutting up with an instrument in his hands.

Shorty was one of a long list of Southern mountain musicians who made Southern Arizona their second home. Others: the late Leslie Keith, the man who composed the bluegrass instrumental standard "Black Mountain Blues"; and Orris and Ruth Poling, whose Gospel harmony singing has enriched local worship services for years. Rocky and Slim Harper, who started off in postwar Danville, Virginia, worked for a lot of well-known country bands in the fifties, and now live in the Sierra Vista area. Bill Hensley, who brought his fine West Virginia banjo playing and ballad singing to audiences at Tucson Meet Yourself and elsewhere before his untimely death in the mid-1980s. And there are many others who go on enriching jam sessions and festivals with their regional music.

But Shorty was a bit more than

LOCAL CUSTOM

simply another immigrant Southern musician; he also was an entertainer in a very old tradition. Shorty's performances bore traces of the medicine show, and more than a tinge of the nineteenth century minstrel tradition. It was like going to a rural entertainment in the early years of the century. He would crack jokes, whoop and holler, play "Pop Goes the Weasel" with the fiddle under his knee, over his head, and behind his back. He could even play a recognizable tune—the same tune—on two fiddles at the same time! Les Keith used to say that the world was full of folks who could play it—you have to sell it as well. Shorty could sell it. I remember him at the workshop stage at Tucson Meet Yourself, sawing out "Whoa Mule," making mule noises on his fiddle, trotting the fiddle bow on the back of his in-

fiddle contests and square dances. Many more came to know him through Tucson Meet Yourself, where he appeared regularly, singing Gospel songs on Sunday afternoon and then helping out at the Old Time fiddle workshop. One Navajo friend tells me she learned to enjoy and appreciate Gospel music and Southern mountain culture from Shorty at these appearances. He reached a lot of people—more, perhaps, than he ever knew.

And he reached this folklorist. This rambling tribute to a friend has two excuses for appearing in a column on local culture. The first I have tried to make obvious. Wild Horse Shorty was one of many, many Southerners who moved to Southern Arizona (often by way of Texas in the old days) and added their culture, complete with music, song, stories, and general

Some readers may remember Wild Horse Shorty's Refrigerator Repair Service, complete with an iron horse head on his pickup hood.

strument while he sang, kicking his feet out and laughing in sheer exhilaration. When Shorty worked up a full head of steam, he was irresistible.

Shorty wasn't a great fiddler—at least not in the days when I knew him. But he was a spirited entertainer, and had a rare store of knowledge. His was perhaps the last generation in America to learn music not from the radio or phonograph, but from other musicians. And every piece Shorty played or sang had its story attached to it. Sometimes it was about how the tune came to be composed. Sometimes it was about how he had learned it. Sometimes it was about something that had happened while he was playing or listening to it. An afternoon playing with Shorty was an afternoon spent with our past.

Not a stuffy past, either. Shorty had had his brushes with the law, had hoboed, and had generally lived a rough life before finding the Lord in his middle age. Once he did convert, once he was saved, he responded in typical fashion. He ran his own revivals for cowboys and hobos, often down by the Tucson stock and railroad yards. He played religious music in and out of church, bringing the same zest and flavor to those songs that he had to the ballads and dance tunes of his earlier years. Whatever he did was done full out, in Tennessee mountain style.

Some readers may remember Shorty from business contacts (Wild Horse Shorty's Refrigerator Repair Service, complete with an iron horse head on his pickup hood). Some may remember him from the old days at

approach to life, to our already rich local stew. The other reason is much more personal. Shorty's whole generation was on the receiving end of a chain of oral traditions that have largely been replaced, or at least heavily modified, by the newspapers, radio, recordings and television that are so important to us. Be they Afro-American quilters, Mexican musicians, O'odham potters or Tennessee fiddlers, they were at the receiving end—and sometimes at the end—of a long, long story. Theirs was the generation whose skills and knowledge fascinated me and brought me into my chosen field. Now that generation is almost all gone.

The traditions remain, of course. Shorty has passed his music on to younger musicians, myself included. But art changes as it travels, and what I learned from Shorty was never quite what Shorty had to teach me. Yet a part of him—and of Les Keith, Bill Hensley, and all the others I have either mentioned or left out—will live on for just as long as we keep playing their music, retelling their stories, remembering their lives. That's good; that has got to satisfy us. For myself, I'll keep on working with Arizona's living folk traditions and folk artists, trying to document and understand them, trying to serve as a bridge between them and the greater community. But that doesn't change one important fact. Shorty's gone. □

Jim Griffith is director of the Southwest Folklore Center at the University of Arizona.

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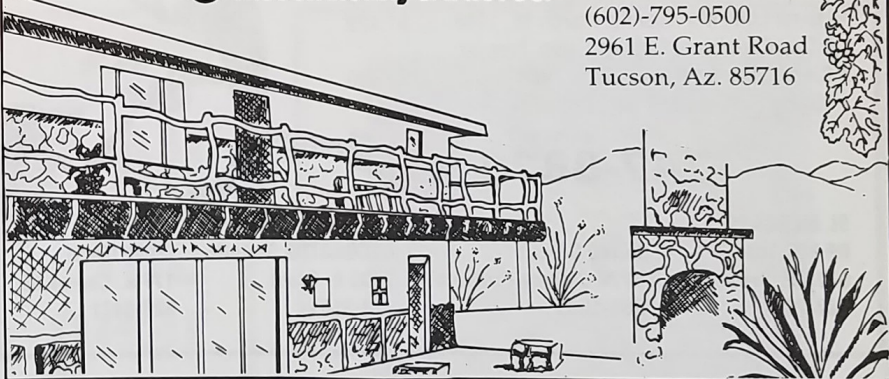
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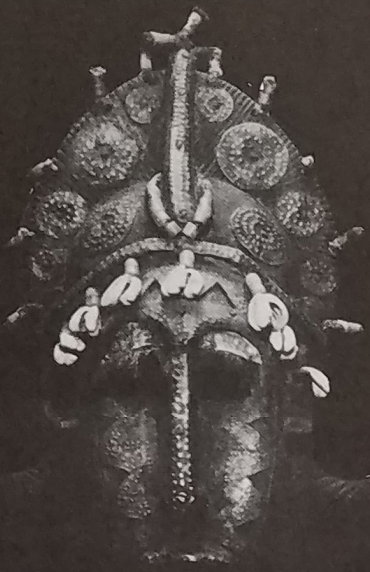


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THE SQUEAMISH ONE

She was only eight when an everyday ranch event taught her about kinship with all life

BY BYRD BAYLOR



Laura Greenberg

When I first became a vegetarian, it was with the private understanding that green chile stew and posole were comfort foods, not meat, and that though I did not intend to kill animals or buy or cook meat, I might possibly take a bite or two of comfort food if it happened to be offered to me.

Since I was living in New Mexico and going to every ceremony around the Rio Grande Pueblos, it was highly likely that I'd be offered a bowl of comfort food at least once a week, and it was highly likely that I could not turn it down. So some days I was an honest vegetarian, and some days only a vegetarian between meals. But I was a vegetarian nonetheless.

Actually, I had been moving in that direction since childhood, but growing up in a Texas ranch family, you don't hear the concept discussed a lot. I knew from reading that there were people somewhere (not in Texas, certainly) who believed all life was sacred and therefore would not kill animals or eat dead flesh.

I used to wonder about those people. In my mind, I grouped vegetarians with Gypsies and hermits and headhunters and Yankees and sleepwalkers and Catholic nuns who took a vow of silence—all fascinating types for a child to contemplate while sitting on a hill alone. I had not met any of them in person, of course, but I often wondered about their beliefs. After a good deal of thought, I decided that I would someday visit a band of Gypsies and a band of vegetarians.

About that time, my father as-

sured me that the Bible very clearly instructs Christians to eat meat because it says somewhere, "Rise, Peter. Slay and eat." I know now that even if it said, "Rise, Byrd. Slay and eat," I would have to reply, "No, thanks. I'll just take the salad bar."

Anyway, the Bible has never done much for animal welfare. The notion that "man shall have dominion over every beast of the earth and fowl of the air" confers ownership, permission for superior humans to do as they will. Our "dominion" has legitimized the suffering we inflict on animals. My own band of vegetarians believes in respect for every living thing.

Let me quote a bit of Albert Einstein here.

"A human being is a part of the whole called by us 'universe,' a part limited in time and space. He experiences himself, his thoughts and feelings as something separated from the rest—a kind of optical delusion of his consciousness. This delusion is a kind of prison for us, restricting us to our personal desires and to affection for a few persons nearest to us. Our task must be to free ourselves from this prison by widening our circle of compassion to embrace all living creatures and the whole of Nature in its beauty."

I like that better than "dominion." I feel more comfortable being a part of that whole.

Most vegetarians remember the exact moment when they knew they no longer wanted to be a part of the meat-eating majority. For me, that moment was the butchering of a pig,

BYRD

not an unusual ranch event. Children were neither told to stay away nor urged to watch, but I was considered "the squeamish one," and usually went somewhere else at such times. So I must have chosen to witness this death.

When the knife was drawn and the pig screamed and the blood flowed on the ground, I stood there with the others, not saying a word, not even turning my head away.

Up to that morning, I had been secure (as only an eight-year-old can be) in the knowledge that I was a good person in a good world. With the pig's death, I felt myself suddenly alone, contaminated, evil. The fact that no one acted as though anything violent or horrible had taken place only added to my shame.

After that, night after night, I used to dream that I had run forward and grabbed the knife and cut the ropes that held the pig. In my dream the pig ran across the pasture and up into the mountains where he lived, forever free and happy, wandering with the horses and the deer.

Or I'd dream that it had never happened at all. I would simply be walking past the pens and see the pig alive, large and beautiful as ever. It was only in these dreams that I could feel absolved of guilt.

Over the years, my sphere of concern has widened and I assume that if life is precious to me I cannot judge it to be less precious to any other creature.

Now I eat my good vegetarian posole and contemplate the people who enjoy killing animals with as much amazement as I used to feel when I was eight thinking about those strange people known as vegetarians.

For instance, this magazine (in February, 1987) published an article by Tom Sheridan called "Why I Hunt."

He tells us he despises the safe, middle-class world he grew up in, and hunting takes him away from that. Actually, of course, he is safe enough out hunting. The animals are in danger, not the hunter—unless he happens to fall on his rifle.

He tells us that it is the closeness to the land. "I get to know the country in a way I never do as a hiker or backpacker. And I get to know the little families of deer and javelina too, watching the doe bed down by nine o'clock in the morning or the piggie babies pushing their way through mama's hind legs to suck teat...."

Here's my amazement again. This from a man who turns to mush writing about his own child, but is going to leave those "piggie babies" alone to starve or freeze to death while he goes home to his VCR still feeling what he calls "a paleolithic high."

I live out in the country not too far from some of the places he goes in spring and fall to hunt. Every day that I'm at home (which isn't all the time because I have to travel in my work), I too go out in the hills. But I go for the purpose of being there, not being there to kill.

I too follow tracks and sit with binoculars and push through brush, but instead of the "paleolithic high" some achieve by killing (or as the Game & Fish Department likes to call it, "harvesting") animals, I get another kind of high which is so mysterious I don't know what to call it.

I think it has to do with kinship and with shared life force. I think it has to do with being a part of the Whole. □

Byrd Baylor has written several award-winning children's books and a novel about Indians in Tucson, *Yes Is Better Than No*.



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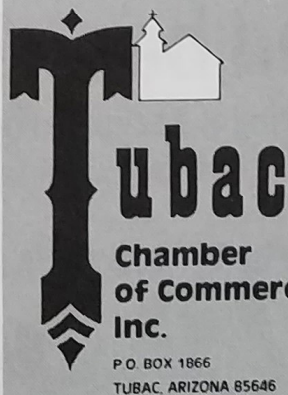
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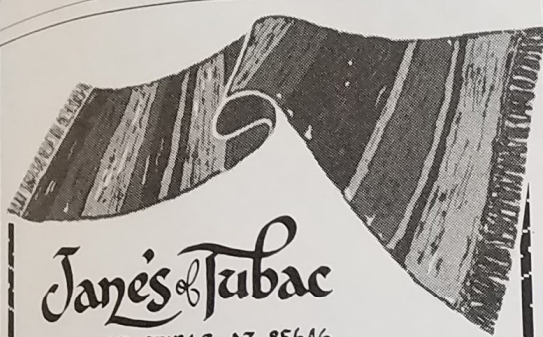
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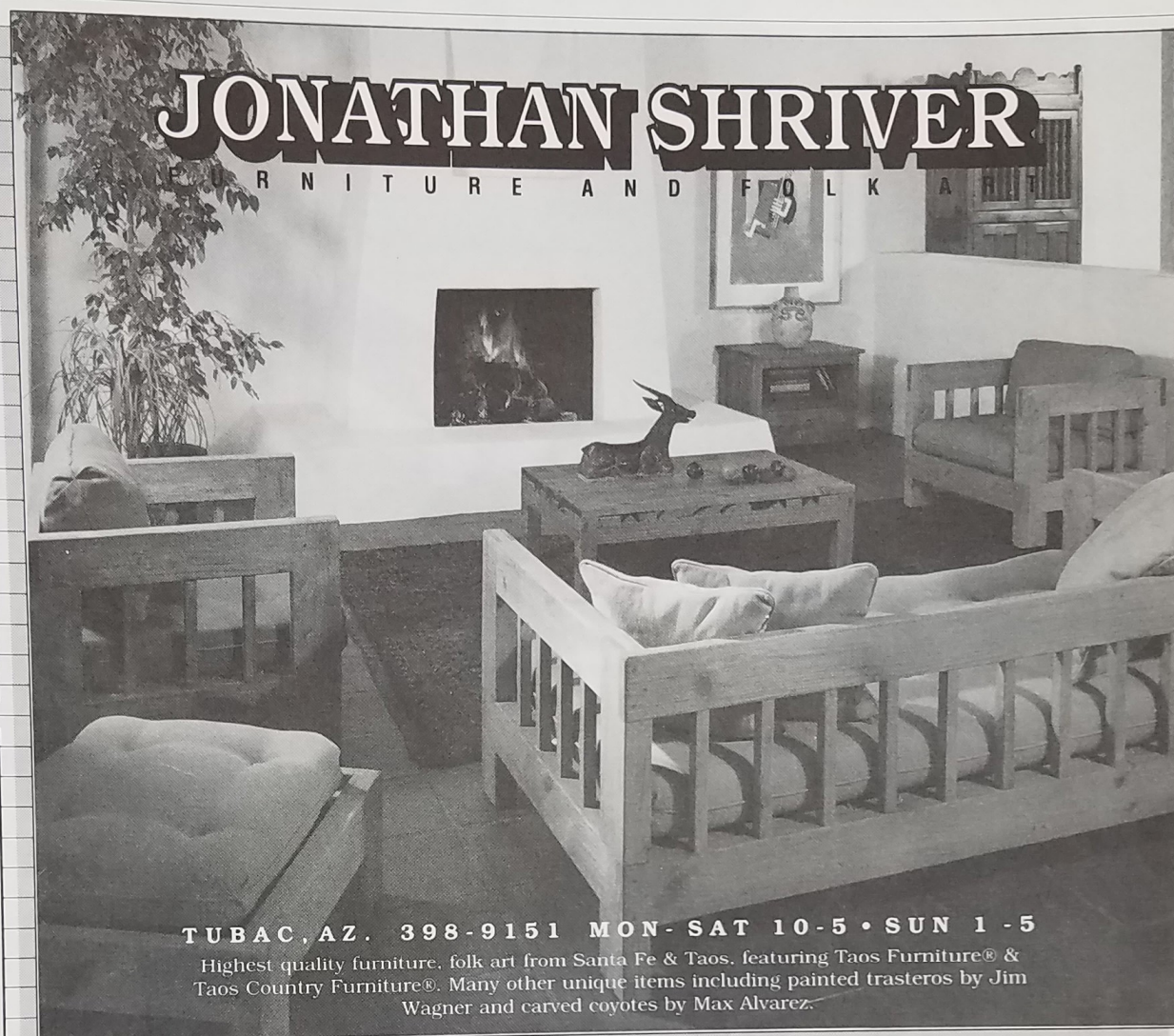
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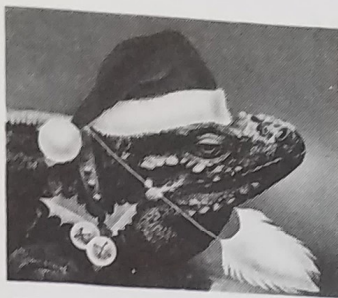
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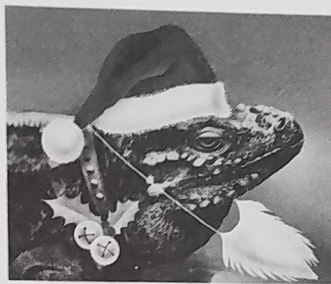
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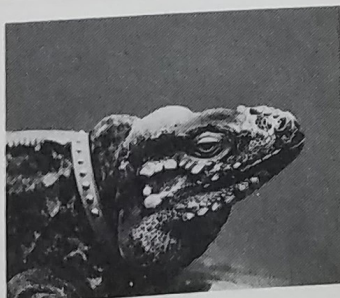
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BOOKS

McPAPER & THE QUETZAL

Expensive paper, political ornithology

BY CHARLES BOWDEN



Bettina

US *Today* has been the favorite joke of the American newspaper world for almost five years. Now the laughing is about to stop. Peter Pritchard in *The Making of McPaper* (Andrews McMeel Parker, 1987, \$19.95, 370 pp.) gives the inside history of how half a billion dollars, hellish work, the usual infighting, and one man's obsession resulted in what apparently will be the first successful *national* American daily. It is a remarkable product.

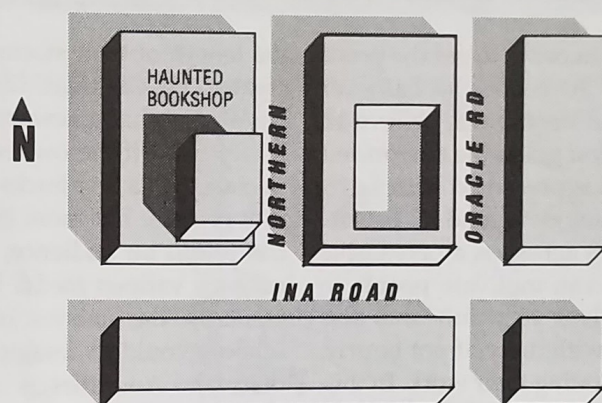
Based on the techniques of television—quick items, lots of facts, not much substance, satellite communication of the product, abundant color—*USA Today* is the first innovation in newspapers in decades. This rag plowed into a stagnant field (where the readership of newspapers is shrinking or barely holding even) and found almost five million humans a day willing to read a new paper. It did this by milking the Gannett Co.'s chain of dailies (including the *Tucson Citizen*, which ships millions of dollars in profits back to headquarters to cover the red ink of *USA Today*), by borrowing staff from its other papers and making the local rags pay their wages, and by squeezing more and more profits out of its various properties, like the *Citizen*, by cutting staffs. So our city, like many, had a hand in creating *USA Today*.

But the real work was back in Washington, D.C., where Al Neuharth and his people worked like slaves and pulled off a miracle. This book

tells how, and it is worth reading for anyone considering starting up a new business. Their experiences are likely to be the same and they will be hell.

Neuharth had a clear vision of the editorial product, and he figured the business and circulation pieces would fall into place. This is typical in the launch of a publication. He was dead wrong. *USA Today* almost immediately bagged readers. But the bean counters in the biz end toiled mightily to kill it as it drained profits. Circulation was a disaster (despite the impressive efforts of a street sale wizard that the Mafia should consider as a hire) because Neuharth never figured on home delivery being substantial and because he underestimated the necessity of the right (read expensive) computers in order to keep track of a nationwide readership. In advertising he spent his time alternating between the electric cattle prod and the gun in motivating his sales reps. The ad agencies came around in their own good time when they decided the damn thing might work.

Pritchard, one of eight *USA Today* managing editors, was given free access to the company files for his history, and the book's resulting candor convinces. We see Neuharth savaging the memo of his paper's president, witness the Last Supper where Neuharth shows up bearing a cross and wearing a crown of thorns in his effort to convince his executives of the dire straits the paper was then in, and we see him, and others, consume staff



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like cannibals in order to get the product just right. Anyone who has ever been through a startup will believe all this material and guess the horrors left out. Neuharth is presented with warts intact (except for his legendary private life). He comes across as a persuasive monster who can motivate people to work themselves to death and also torture them with daily, if not hourly, memos devastating their work. In this, he is not unusual for the job—he looks like a pussycat next to a taskmaster like Iggy.

There has to be enormous satisfaction for Neuharth in the success of *USA Today*. I was working at the *Tucson Citizen* when the idea for the paper was first announced. The newsroom greeted the moment with a hail of scorn. Later, when the first copy rolled off the presses, every reporter I knew, including myself, thought it was a shallow rag. Then when I began writing columns for it—ten or twenty a year—friends would be careful to ignore this fact, kind of like I was an all-right guy who had this unspeakable private vice. Now it's five years down the pike and *USA Today* has made it by ignoring the past, where most of us seem to live, and exploring the future. It has forced many papers in this country to improve their sports departments, trim

the length of their stories, and finally create a decent weather page. And it has shown that a newspaper can look pretty good if the owners are willing to cough up a few bucks for some decent presses. But more importantly, it has found an audience, one that the nation's various media lords, reporters, and the nabobs of journalism schools couldn't imagine, must less discover. And that is a hell of an achievement.

Most of all, this book gives us the facts to consider some of the best and worst features of our own culture. This is the nation where in a sense you can do anything if you are willing to take the risk. And in this rush to achievement, people are destroyed, lives are broken, stress is the drug of choice, and anything in the way is crushed. In theory, the end justifies the means. Pick up a copy of *USA Today* and decide for yourself. But don't deny the people in the book their proper credit. Given the economic system we have created and all to one degree or another support, they won. And they played a damn hard game.

Three rather strange books about people that pretend to be about birds have hit the market as paperbacks in the past year. Since I like birds, I was suckered into reading all three only to

discover I was looking into a mirror, not a nice pair of binoculars. John Baker's *The Peregrine* (University of Idaho Press, 1986, \$9.95, 192 pp.) records one man's ten-year obsession with a predator. He tells us almost nothing about himself in this journal, but writes perhaps the best English to date on what it must be like to be a killer that can dive at around 200 mph and live in a world of smokestacks, pesticides, and freeways. Baker presents a text stripped of all sentimentality, where we literally see the world (and the kill) through a falcon's eye. This book was originally published twenty years ago and apparently fell dead from the press. Now, thanks to the University of Idaho, it is back in print. If you hate nature writing, try this one.

Donald Knowler (another Englishman—are these guys taking over the out-of-doors?) spent a year haunting Central Park in New York for *The Falconer of Central Park* (Bantam Books, New York, 1986, \$8.95, 179 pp.). He presents a witches' brew of killings, Great Blue Herons and devoted birders, all mixing it up under the towers of Manhattan. In his text, feral house cats, human beings, and ducks all face the same savagery and struggle to survive. For example, "The ducks were oblivious to the

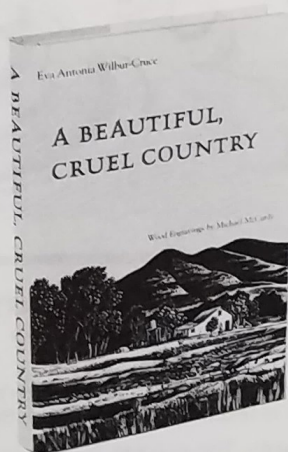
human drama and agony that haunts the top end of the park....Early in November a woman jogger was attacked as she ran around the reservoir footpath....The titmice and chickadees were also taking precautions when a red-tailed hawk flew in low circles across the Great Lawn...." This book teaches us that the wild, free world is everywhere—if we only learn how to look.

Jonathan Maslow spent thirty days in Guatemala stalking the resplendent quetzal, perhaps the most beautiful bird on earth. The result, *Bird of Life, Bird of Death* (New York, Dell, 1987, \$6.95, 249 pp.) tells us more about death squads, Central American history, and the political madness of the region than a year's dosage of the daily papers. Maslow thinks he has created a new discipline, political ornithology. He may be right.

He is the good traveler, one not easily ruffled and always open to new experiences. And at the core of the book, flitting in and out of view, is the elusive quetzal, Guatemala's symbol of freedom, a creature probably doomed to extinction in the next twenty years. Just keep your eye on this bird with a three-foot flashing tail and you will learn more than a full viewing of the Contra hearings could ever tell you. □

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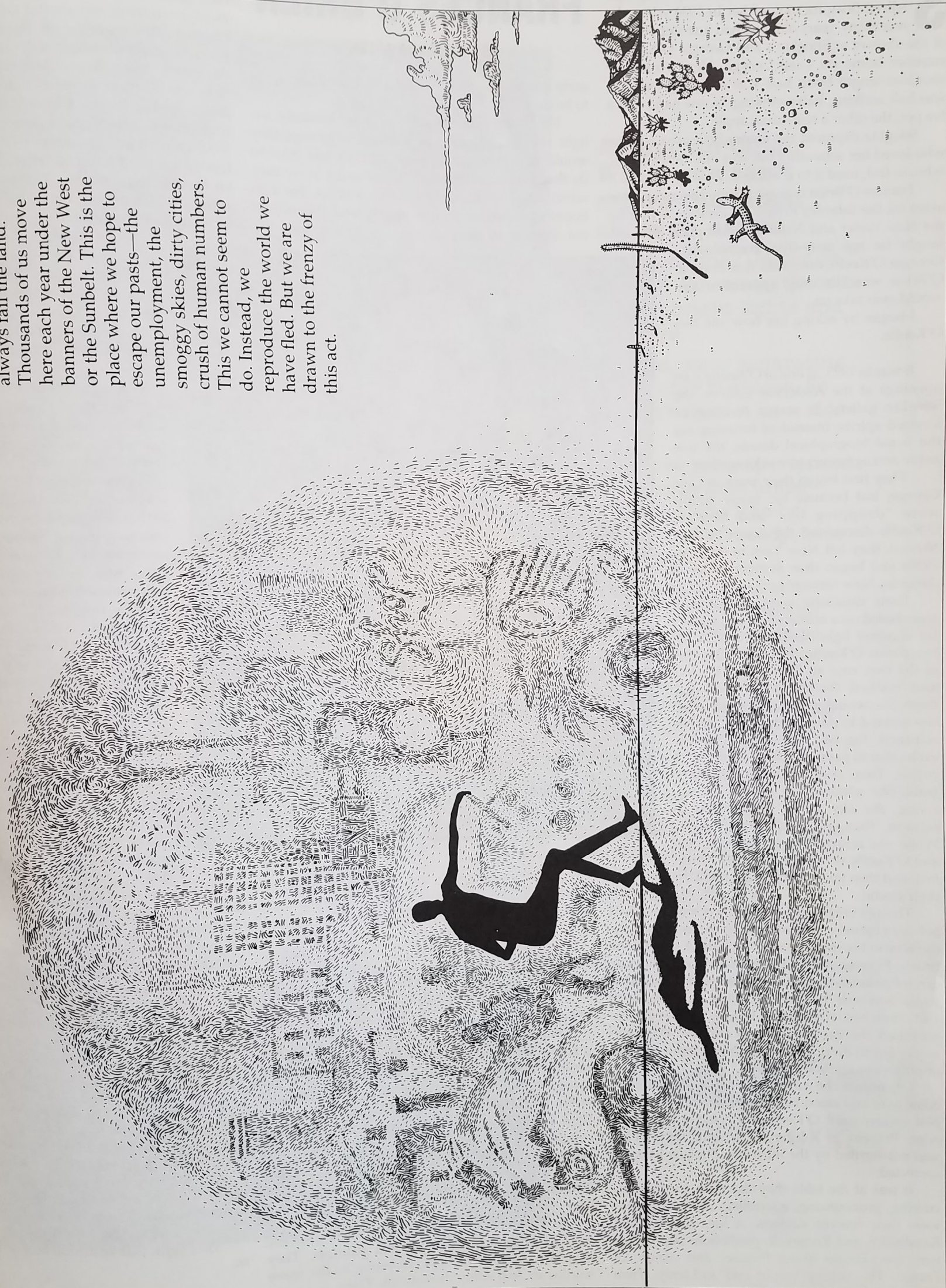
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ARTIST

FRANCES O'BRIEN

BY BARBARA ALLEN

She was beautiful. I have seen a photograph Alfred Stieglitz took of her in 1934 when she was thirty years old. She had just stepped out of the shower at Stieglitz's and Georgia O'Keeffe's summer home on Lake George, New York. Her shoulder-length black hair was dripping wet. She was half walking, half swinging. In one hand was a tea pot, the other a half-eaten apple.

Stieglitz captured the contradictions: a woman who loved her sensuality but was not trapped by it, who, in fact, used it to soar.

Frances O'Brien is also a talented woman: cover artist for the *Saturday Review of Literature*, writer for the *New Yorker* and *Nation*, philosopher, and self-taught (at age sixty-five) cosmologist. Georgia O'Keeffe once said that Frances O'Brien was the only apprentice she would ever take on.

I began by asking her how she met O'Keeffe.

It was in 1925, at one of O'Keeffe's art openings at the Anderson Gallery, the Stieglitz gallery. It was a meeting of kindred spirits. Instead of ferreting out the usual biographical details, the two made arrangements to work together.

They first began their work at Lake George, but because too many people were "dropping by," and because O'Keeffe discovered the desert of New Mexico, they left New York in the mid-1930s and began their summer work in Abiquiu, New Mexico.

Their ritualistic summer paintings were based on a mutual love and respect for summer light. Each day started before dawn. O'Keeffe, the taller and bigger of the two, rose an hour before Frances and walked the desert surrounding them. She would gather and sketch what she wanted to paint that day. When she returned, the two would acknowledge each other in passing, have a silent cup of coffee. Then it was time for Frances' walk. She admired the silence, the sun rising, the sky going from black, to salmon, then gray, and finally blue. When she returned from her walk, she and O'Keeffe would have a small breakfast, and then go off to the large room that served as their studio.

Though they were close by, there was no talking between them—concentration on the technique was the way to become one with the palette, canvas and brush. Frances wasn't by inclination or training a careful painter. With O'Keeffe every line and every stroke was well thought out, colors were conceived and sketches completed before she even approached the canvas. Frances adopted this technique, but to do it she had to change from fast and impulsive to methodical.

Oftentimes she was not aware that O'Keeffe had come over and stood behind her, watching silently. Not aware, until O'Keeffe corrected a line or an edge. Frances, as if listening to some inner voice, was not startled by the intrusion. She just listened, corrected.

It was at the table they did their visiting, discussing, pronouncing, quarreling. Art and politics were their favorite subjects. A love for Cezanne, Kandinsky, and Roosevelt; predictions about Cubism; speculations about Picasso; and curses for Franco. The talking would end suddenly. Their

early lunch was quick, the light still good and work to be done.

The four o'clock dinner was more leisurely, the light no longer useful. In addition to gossip, they would now talk technique. What they had tried to do that day, what they had hoped to do. Were they satisfied? Most often the answer was no. For two hours after dinner they would spread themselves out, Frances on the chaise lounge, O'Keeffe on the



Frances O'Brien in the early '40's

couch, listening to Bach, both silent. The necessity for talk gone with the meal. They would be in bed by eight. Work to begin before dawn.

She married in 1935, had her son in 1939, divorced in 1945. She and her son moved to Tucson in 1947, a disappointment to O'Keeffe who wanted her to come to New Mexico. A beautiful place for art, O'Keeffe argued.

But at that moment in her life, Frances needed a place for her son, Brian Garfield. A place where his health (he had asthma) and talents could be nurtured. Here she could enroll Brian in the best school in the southwest, the Southern Arizona School for Boys. He could study the piano with the successful composer Camil Van Hulse. Since he was already beginning to show a talent for writing, she filled the house with local and well-regarded writers: Anne Rittner, Rosemary Taylor, Yndia Moore, and Nelson Nye.

As a member of the Brush and Palette Club she worked with other professional painters. They moved together as a flock, traveling to the many studios in Ash Alley downtown. There were two

essential stops for the Brush and Palette group on their Saturdays: Jack Petty's studio in Ash Alley, the most interesting and daring gallery; and Madam Eleanor Altman's house on the corner of Mabel and Park. Madam Altman, founder of the University of Arizona's music department, built her house to have one function: acoustics. She would play for her guests in her house, which was really one large room that held two grand pianos. Occasionally she would have a guest performer—Frances remembers fondly the night Artur Rubenstein played, not only for his wonderful playing, but for the flirting and cajoling she did to get Rubenstein to her house. She wanted him to touch her sleeping son's hands. Rubenstein did.

Each summer Brian went to New York to be with his father, Frances to Abiquiu. O'Keeffe was a widow now, Stieglitz having died in 1946. O'Keeffe's work was getting more abstract, Frances' paintings more concerned with giving her room. Room to be a mother.

She turned to portraits, recalling the skills she had developed as cover artist for the *Saturday Review of Literature* in the thirties and forties. She could sell these easily and support herself and Brian. She was commissioned to do a portrait of Father Eusebio Kino even though there was no record of his looks. She used photographs of the Kino family and when his grave was discovered in 1966, the portrait proved to have the same bone structure as the skull. The church, now seeking to have Kino canonized, is using this feat as evidence of a miracle.

Two events changed her view of art and life. Brian published his first book (he is the author of *Death Wish*, *Hopscotch*, as well as seventy other volumes); and she discovered the work of Teilhard de Chardin, the Jesuit paleontologist and philosopher. If O'Keeffe taught her the importance of line, Teilhard taught her how to understand line, diffuse it, break it open and study the opposing elements inside. She committed herself to the line again, but also to its opposite, its dark side.

She began her Cosmos series in 1964, a statement of her prismatic technique with tetrahedrons and triangles to symbolize the line, its opposite, and the synthesis of their meeting. The series was completed in 1974 and exhibited, at her insistence, at the UA's Flandrau Planetarium. She was close to seventy.

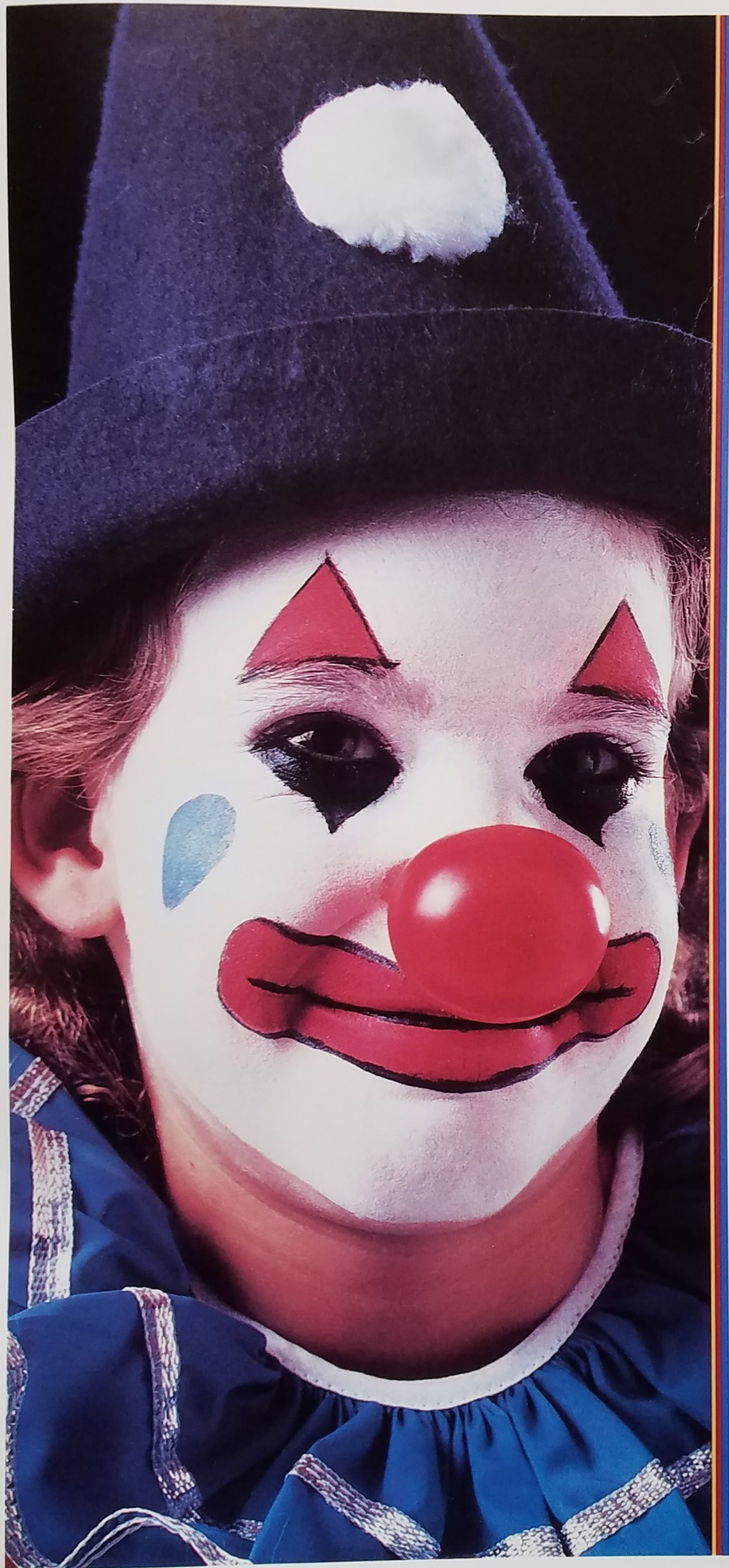
I think often of her comments concerning women and work: "Women," she says, "ought to have the same rights as men. Especially the right to have responsibilities, to create a body of work."

I often visit Frances in her Broadmoor home. She is eighty-three now, her arm crippled from so much painting. She spends her days delightfully reading the cosmologists and physicists who are mathematically proving Teilhard's theories correct.

Eventually we will settle down. Take our usual places: Frances lies on the couch in front of the big picture window, I sit in the chair by the piano. She closes her eyes and smiles slightly.

That light, that beautiful, broken light streams in.

Barbara Allen is a Tucson poet.



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